

Fit "Triplex" - and be safe

FOR POSTAGE RATES
SEE FRONTISPIECE

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVIII. No. 2311

and **BYSTANDER**

London
October 10, 1945

REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

Meet me in
FORTNUM'S

FORTNUM & MASON LIMITED, PICCADILLY



By Appointment

Cerebos

Salt for dainty tables

DEAF—You'll HEAR BETTER With

ArdentE

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEARING SERVICE

CALL OR WRITE
FOR
FREE TESTMr. R. H. DENT, M.Inst.P.I.,
309, OXFORD STREET,
LONDON W.1

ARDENTE LTD.

TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 1380 • 1718 • 0947

WHEN WARTIME RESTRICTIONS ARE OVER

Presta

'BEVERAGES OF DISTINCTION'

will be plentiful again

The Apollinaris Co. Ltd., 4 Stratford Place, London, W.1.

MINERAL
WATERS
AND
CORDIALS

By Appointment
to the late King George V

PARIPAN ENAMEL

"The more you wash it, the better it looks"

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE
PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON

JUST TRY IT

3/4

PER LB.

DOCTOR CEYLON TEA

No medicinal value claimed

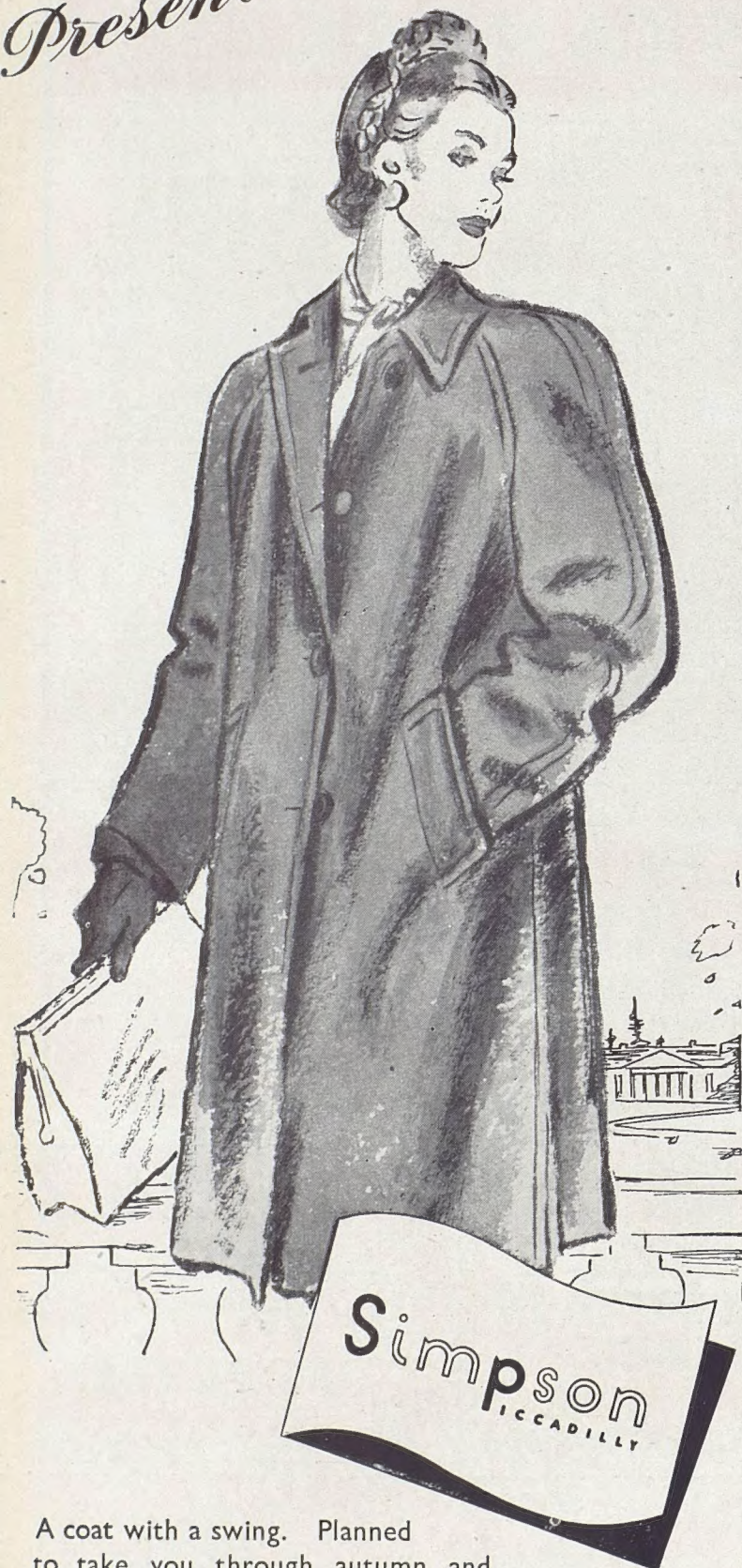
Bulmer's

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC
CHAMPAGNE PROCESS . . .

CHAMPAGNE CIDER

Obtainable at all the best
Hotels and RestaurantsBY APPOINTMENT
Cider Makers
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
H. P. Bulmer & Co. Ltd.

Presented with pride



A coat with a swing. Planned to take you through autumn and winter, in town or country. The raglan sleeves, tailored collar and slit pockets give slenderizing grace. In a variety of cloths, tan, camel, moss green. Sizes 12, 14, 16. Price £16-16-6. 18 coupons. Women's Shop, 4th Floor.

SIMPSON (PICCADILLY) LTD., 202, PICCADILLY, LONDON W.1 • REGENT 2602

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME



You hope it will be a John. But you don't mind if it's a Jennifer. In many homes like yours where Little Visitors are expected, excited hands are busy knitting the cosiest, comfiest woollies that mother-love can create . . . from the softest wool that money can buy—Jester Wool.

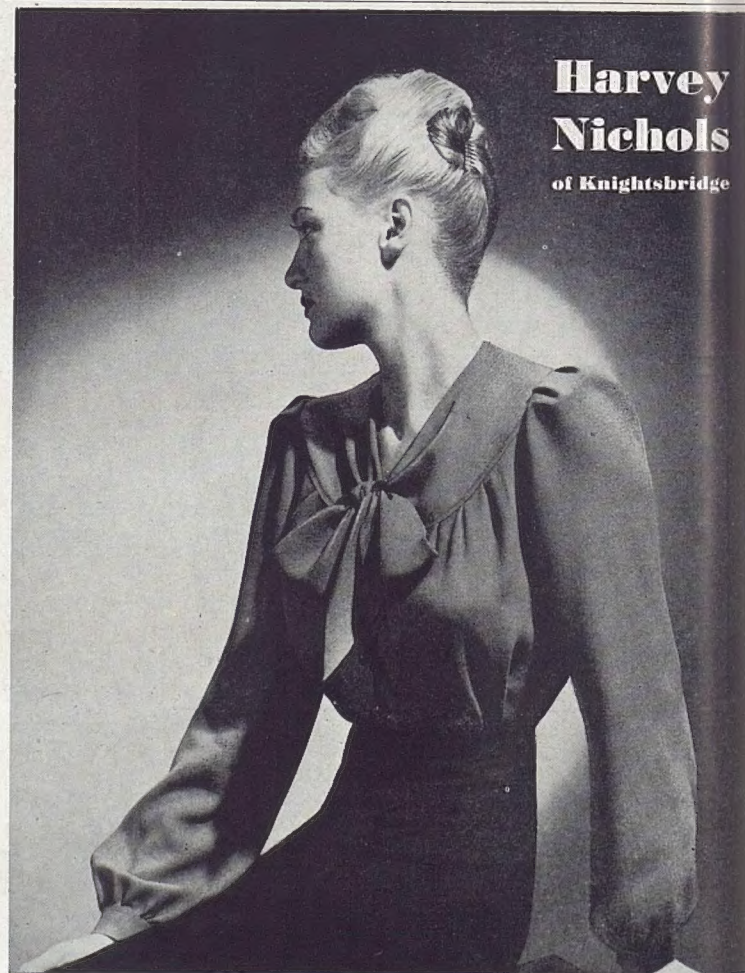


Remember: Jester Pure Wool is absolutely the best you can buy and it can be had in the most attractive shades. Ask at your wool-shop for the Knitting Instruction Books.

Knit the "Jester" way.

The Jester Wool Company Ltd.

JESTER HOUSE · ROMAN FORUM · LEICESTER



A lovely new Blouse in Moss Crepe . . . flattering and very feminine in Ice Blue, Turquoise or White.

Sizes: 13½, 14, 14½ (4 Coupons) £9.2.0

Personal Shoppers Only.

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1, SLOane 344

THE TATLER

LONDON
OCTOBER 10, 1945

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXXXVIII. No. 2311



Harlip

To Marry In December: Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower

Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, the twenty-four-year-old daughter of the late Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower and the late Baroness Osten Driesen, and ward of the Duke of Sutherland, is to marry Captain Charles Janson, Welsh Guards. Miss Leveson-Gower met her fiancé about six weeks ago, after his return from a German prisoner-of-war camp in which he spent five years. Miss Leveson-Gower has been heir-presumptive to her uncle the Duke of Sutherland's Scottish titles, the Barony of Strathnaver and the Earldom of Sutherland since she was one month old. For the last two years she has been working as a laboratory worker at St. Thomas's Hospital



Way of the World

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

Guedalla Nostalgia

EVERYBODY, I suppose, of any sense nourishes a special affection for some period of history, dreams nostalgically of living a privileged, unrationed, unregimented existence in an epoch slightly less dour than the present. For myself, my first choice would be any moment between 1660 and 1820. I should like to have hobnobbed with Congreve, Halifax, the Regent Orleans, Alberoni, Dryden, Pope, Voltaire, William Kent, the whole Tiepolo family, Julie de l'Espinasse, Byron—but the list of those enchanting creatures grows too long.

My second choice is undoubtedly the Second Empire, when Baudelaire's poems undulled by renown shone like inconvenient stars in the law-

remained the same—or more so; on his writings there thickened an incrustation of epithets and wisecracks till the basic idea grew invisible.

But all harsh thoughts of Guedalla, all regrets for the overloading of a genuine talent, turn to smoke when one visits his collection of Max Beerbohm caricatures at the Leicester Galleries. As the last mournful communique issues from Lancaster House, and the world seems bent on auto-da-fé, one offers up prayers of gratitude for a civilization that could create a patron so discerning—and an artist so delicate and at the same time so witty, that one laughs even when he pokes fun at political figures so long forgotten as Campbell-Bannerman or Masterman.

sides of the Atlantic that the present century is to be the century of the Common Man . . . Well, I am an old man, and old men are not ready converts to new religions. This one does not stir my soul. I take some comfort in the fact that its propagators do not seek to bind us to it for ever. This, they say, is to be the Century of the Common Man. I like to think that on the morning of January the first, in the year 2000, mankind will be free to unclasp its hands, rise from its knees and look about it for some other, and perhaps more rational form of faith . . .

King Edward and Mr. Gladstone

PERHAPS the most riotously funny of the caricatures now exhibited at the Leicester Galleries are those aimed at King Edward VII. I particularly commend one showing Mr. Gladstone trying to induce the Prince of Wales (in 1872) to learn to read. Nevertheless it is difficult for me to understand the persistence of Sir Max towards that dead sovereign. Much more comprehensible, and infinitely more to my taste is his merciless mockery of Mr. Gladstone in a series of eleven drawings so exquisite I am sorely tempted to buy them, even if it means beggary for the next few months. They show Mr. Gladstone's unfortunate adventures in Heaven. St. Peter has received orders not to admit him. But the G.O.M. begins one of his perorations and the dazed saint gives up the struggle. Mr. Gladstone holds a very successful meeting of angels "paying an eloquent and graceful tribute to God."



Double V.C.'s Wife Congratulated

Mrs. G. H. Upham, the wife of the New Zealand Double V.C., Captain Upham, is seen being congratulated by Lady Freyberg, wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., who has recently been appointed as the new Governor-General of New Zealand. Captain Upham won his first V.C. for gallantry at Crete, and has disclaimed any knowledge of what incident has prompted the new award



London's New Lord Mayor

Sir Charles Davis will assume his new office as Lord Mayor of London on November 9. Sir Charles is a civil and mechanical engineer, and London could have no more appropriate a Lord Mayor in these times when science and technical advancement are in the air. He is seen with Lady Davis and their daughter, Mrs. Margaret Singer

courts, the smell of the coachbuilder's varnish still lingered about the tilburies which Constantin Guys idealized in the Bois, and a ball at the Quai d'Orsay might at any moment be dazzled by the entry in a pale blue crinoline spangled with crescent moons of Comtesse Castiglione, that exquisite agent of Victor Emanuel and the Italian Risorgimento. (Watts's unfinished study of her, which used to hang in Holland House, escaped through Lord Ilchester's care the ruin of its home and still glows as perhaps the prettiest portrait painted between the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Renoir's maturity.)

All this nostalgia was capitalized by Mr. Philip Guedalla. But the solid erudition, the considerable sensibility was obscured by superior quips. History with a light laugh turned so fast on her heel, you could hardly see the Muse any more. Philip Guedalla came, I remember, to speak at the Oxford Union. His epigrammatic conversation I at first believed to be an exquisite politeness towards us—an intentional attuning to our own brash ways of talking. But time went on; one met and heard Guedalla in other places; the style of conversation

Sir Max Beerbohm

MY children are too young for me to know whether *The Happy Hypocrite* is still gracefully enthroned in the nursery. For me—and many of my contemporaries—that enchanting book shared with *The Wind in the Willows* a place of special honour and affection. Lord George Hell was all the Regency, the whole of Regent's Park.

"Max" was a friend of my father's and I was brought up on stories of his wit and charm. But he was a legend, remote in Rapallo—till one fine day he came over for an exhibition of his latest caricatures. He came to lunch, and I could do nothing but stare in ecstasy. But for all his malice, his manner is so gentle, his attitude so youthful, one could never be long shy of him.

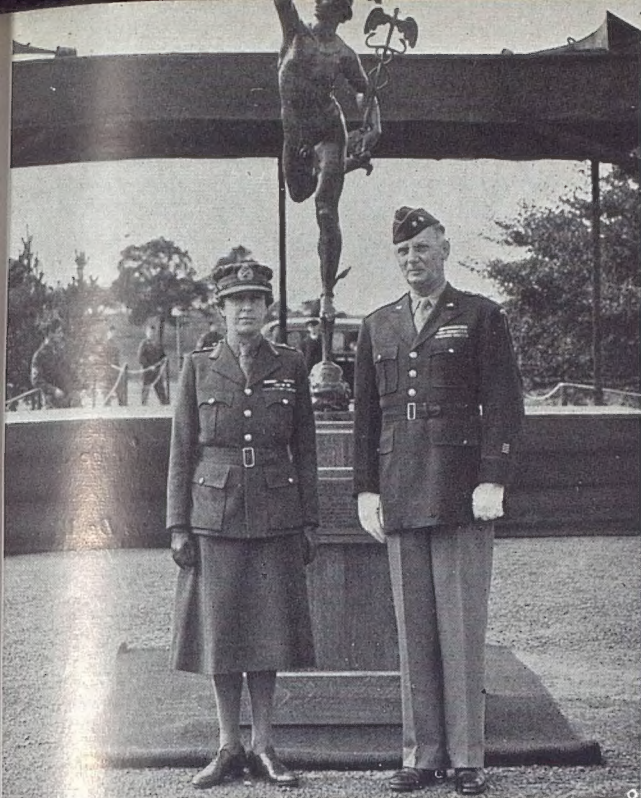
Like Bernard Shaw, he seems in old age perfectly to interpret the feelings and exasperations of people half a century younger than him. You will perhaps remember what he recently said on the subject of all this loose adulation nowadays for the Common Man:—

"We are told on high authority from both

But then his troubles begin. The Prince Consort cuts him, Horace greets him most disrespectfully, he only just succeeds in avoiding "an awkward rencontre with General Gordon," Parnell is deaf to all excuses, one of the principal streets in Heaven bears the name of Disraeli. In disgust Mr. Gladstone hurries off to Hell.

When one concedes his brilliant parts, even if one admits him to have been often right, Mr. Gladstone still typifies all that was most sublime and most odious in nineteenth-century England. No wonder we were so bitterly hated. What other nation at what other period could have worshipped a man who on his twenty-third birthday could write in his diary:—

"I have now familiarized myself with maxims sanctioning and encouraging a degree of intercourse with society, perhaps attended with much risk. Now do I think myself warranted in withdrawing from the practice of my fellow men except when they really involve an encouragement of sin, in which case I do certainly rank races and theatres . . ."



H.R.H. Presents Statue to U.S. Army

Queen Mary, seen with Major-General H. Lanahan, presented a life-sized statue of Mercury, badge of the Royal Corps of Signals, to officers of the Signal Corps of the U.S. Army at a ceremony at Catterick Camp



Queen Mary Visits W.R.N.S. Officers Training College

Queen Mary recently paid a visit to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and inspected units of W.R.N.S. cadets who are in training there. Photographed after the inspection Queen Mary is seen with Dame Laughton Matthews, Director of the W.R.N.S., and a number of W.R.N.S. officer cadets

There was something almost Hitlerian in the awe that surrounded him, the practice of never interrupting or contradicting him at his own table. But excessive adulation of any public figure leads, I believe, automatically to an almost Hitlerian atmosphere. We have seen it here. Perhaps one of the strengths of the present Government is the lack of majesty about them. Incidentally among the "Max" caricatures is one showing the old type of Secretary of State, and the new model. Whoever has bought it, I appeal to them to present it to the Foreign Office, that it may henceforward hang in that pleasant room overlooking the Horse Guards Parade and St. James's Park, where now sits a sorely tried Mr. Bevin.

No. 3 Tenterden Street

WHENEVER I am in Hanover Square, with a few moments to spare, I slip into an obscure street in its north-west corner, called Tenterden Street,

where there is a small mid-eighteenth-century, No. 3, of the utmost beauty. Its architect is unknown—to me at any rate, and to friends far more knowledgeable. Nor does the house appear, as far as I can see, in the L.C.C. survey. For all that it is a treasure such as we can ill afford to spare. My horror will be imagined, therefore, at hearing persistent reports that the house, when its lease falls in some three years hence, is to be transported to America.

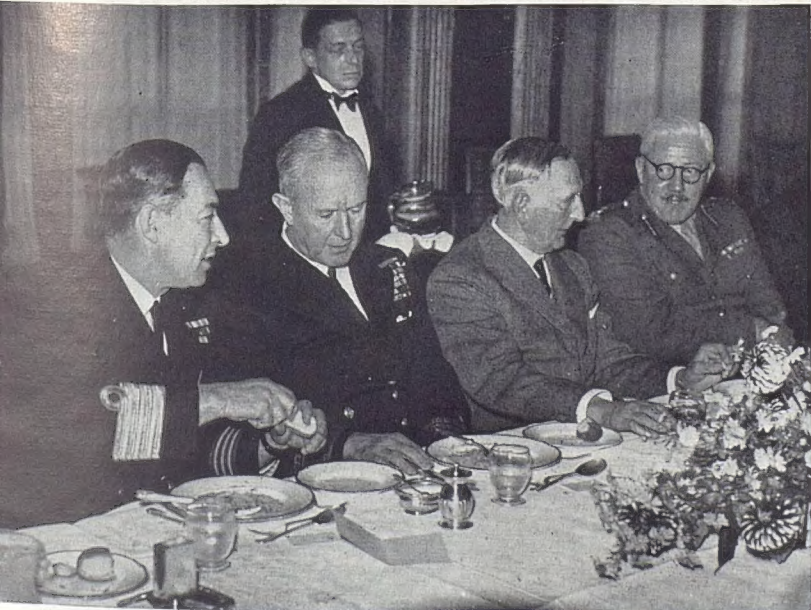
The architectural and historic beauties of Europe have been laid waste. In America, where the percentage of good native architecture is microscopic—to put it politely—not one single building has been scratched by enemy action. Are we now to suffer a further loss? Whatever is the use of all the legislation designed to prevent this sort of pillaging?

I earnestly hope the story is untrue, and that No. 3 Tenterden Street, where I believe Mrs.

Fitzherbert once lived, will remain where it is, to delight many more generations of Englishmen.

Bayreuth

I AM distressed by rumours that while Wagner's hideous house, Wahnfried, and his no less hideous theatre at Bayreuth have escaped complete destruction, the lovely little Bibbiena Theater there has gone. With the Residenz Theater at Munich, where Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte* was, I think, first performed (I write far from reference books), it was the prettiest rococo theatre in the world. Both of them are, I gather, now destroyed. How thankful I am that I was old enough and free enough between the two wars to motor about Europe seeing such treasures as these. How much more fortunate am I than people interested in such things and no more today than twenty-five. It is one of the few compensations for the speed at which the years are beginning to fly for me.



A Farewell Luncheon to the Australian Cricket Team Held at a London Hotel

Captain B. Foley sat next to Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham of Hyndhope, who received a barony in the Resignation Honours, while further down the table are Commander C. B. Fry and Lieutenant-General Smart of the Australian Forces

In the lobby before the luncheon Mr. Stanley Christopherson, the President of the M.C.C., a very well-known cricketer and a former England hockey captain, was having a word with Viscount Cobham, the Treasurer of the M.C.C.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

The Theatre

"Henry IV"—Part One (New)

IN the last four or five years there have been some mighty fine revivals "to beguile the sad time," but here is one which excels them all on three main counts—individual brilliance, satisfying team work and firm direction. Of the Falstaff it may be roundly said that nobody has in our time played the fat immortal so well as Mr. Ralph Richardson; and of Harry Hotspur that it is unlikely that we shall ever see him played better than by Mr. Laurence Olivier. These two performances are of themselves a sufficient reason for going at the earliest possible moment to the New Theatre; and (wonderful to relate!) they can be seen in their proper setting. Mr. John Burrell's ordering of the stage enables the Old Vic company, now so strong in talent, to bring excitingly to life the tapestried hanging of chivalric war against which Shakespeare set Falstaff and his fellows. Let the National Theatre, when it arrives, do as well and England's reputation will go up in the world.

It is Mr. Richardson's achievement to transfer the literary flavour of Falstaff to the stage. Walkley, a critic equally at home in the theatre and in the library, did not hesitate to include Falstaff among the bores of the stage. He is one of our greatest English masterpieces of wit and

humour and human character, said Walkley, but only "to read, to imagine in one's mind's eye, to turn over on one's tongue; but on the stage his eternal paunch gets in the way. His wheezings and puffings, his gurgling potations and all the 'business' that actors think indispensable to a grossly fat man are to me mere ugliness and the occasion of *ennui*." Just so; but Mr. Richardson is able to dispense with most of this tiresome conventional "business." He makes suggestion do its work. Putting in an inspired touch of farcical burlesque here and there he is free to attend to the comedy, leaving his fatness to Prince Hal, who is never tired of the theme. "A tun of man," he calls Falstaff, and "barebone" and "sweet creature of bombast" and "bed-presser" and "horse-back-breaker" and "huge hill of flesh" and "globe of sinful continents" and "that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly." We are in no danger of confusing Falstaff with Slender, and Mr. Richardson, declining to elaborate the obvious, bends all his energies to establishing the humorous superiority of the rascal over the sad necessities of life. He shows us the agile mind within the huge hill of flesh turning every predicament, every disaster, into

the beginning of a fresh comic triumph, a mind full of fiery, nimble and delectable shapes which, by always pointing at the absurdity of Falstaff, compels us to laugh with the rogue, not at him, and to share for a glorious interval his wanton enjoyment of all that gives offence to the godly. It is a great Shakespearean performance.

It is said of Irving that he remained the cynosure of all eyes, even though he happened to be one of a group of eminent Victorians all better looking than himself. Mr. Olivier has this histrionic gift, and even while the stage is ringing with regal eloquence and baronial defiance it is the mind of the silent Hotspur that we follow in its sardonic, impatient commentary. He plays the baiting of the preposterously mystical Glendower superbly, heightening Hotspur's traditional stammer into a perpetually amusing seizure of the upper lip, and sustaining the somewhat long drawn out battle scenes with the pathos of a rough, fiery, tender, humorous character doomed by a lost cause but meeting doom with fierce gaiety and a delicate sense of his own and other's honour. Mr. Michael Warre is a young actor highly tried by having to stand up first to Mr. Richardson and then to Mr. Olivier in the same gruelling evening, but he comes creditably through his ordeal. Mr. Miles Malleon and Mr. George Relph add distinction to the rebels' camp; Mr. Harcourt Williams is a splendidly nonsensical Glendower; and Dame Sybil Thorndike plays Mistress Quickly with practised ease. All that a fine actor can do to give conversational realism to Bolingbroke's exercises in blank verse Mr. Nicholas Hannen does, but this is surely unavailing ingenuity. The King's eloquent periods should be rolled out. They can no more be intellectualized than the splendid fanfares composed for the production by Mr. Herbert Menges. But this is a tiny flaw, if flaw it be, upon a notable production.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Falstaff, The Fat Immortal: "It may be roundly said that nobody has in our time played him so well as Mr. Ralph Richardson"



The Impatient Hotspur: "Rough, fiery, tender, humorous." Laurence Olivier shows what a great actor can do with this part



Robust Revelry: Heddle Nash as Sir Walter Raleigh, Morris Sweden as Master of Revels, and Howard Fry as Sergeant Porter Keys, together with the Tower Beef-eaters, sing a rousing drinking song.



Loyal Liege Men: Queen Elizabeth (Linda Grey) arrives at the Water Gate and is received by her courtiers, the Earl of Essex (Dennis Noble), who is arrogant and ambitious, and the carefree explorer, Sir Walter Raleigh.

● Edward German's beautiful music and unforgettable melodies are as fresh and enchanting as ever to the ear in this new version of *Merrie England*. There is a new libretto by the late Edward Knoblock which gives the production more scope for comedy, and the operetta is unsurpassably well sung by two of England's leading singers, Heddle Nash and Dennis Noble.

In the Days of Good Queen Bess

"Merrie England," at the Princes Theatre

Photographs by Russell Sedgwick

Left:
Lovers' Meeting: Queen Elizabeth discovers Sir Walter Raleigh and her Lady-in-Waiting, Bessie Throckmorton (Anna Jeans), at Ye Mermaide Tavern, Cheapside, where they had tried to escape from the Queen's eagle eye.



Outraged Monarch: The Queen, mad with jealousy at discovering the lovers, sends them both to the Tower, and is deaf to the pleas of kind-hearted Mistress Kate (Chic Elliott). She leaves the Mermaide Tavern accompanied by the Earl of Essex, who is delighted that his rival, Raleigh, is vanquished.



The Lovely English Rose: Unknown to the Queen, Raleigh and Bessie are released from the Tower. In the quiet of the Palace garden, Raleigh offers a rose to the Queen, and pleads for pardon and permission for Bessie and himself to marry with her consent. Elizabeth relents and forgives him.

ON AND OFF DUTY

A Chronicle of Town and Country

Scottish Occasion

AFTER their very crowded and strenuous days in Edinburgh, Their Majesties were glad to get back to the peace of Balmoral for a few days' additional holiday. For the King it was only a very brief break, for affairs of State called His Majesty back to London before the week had passed. The Queen and the two Princesses remained in the north for some time longer, to complete the original holiday period as planned, after their twice-postponed departure from London.

Seldom has a Royal visit to a city produced such striking and emphatic contrasts as this latest sojourn in Edinburgh. The formality and ceremonial of the perfectly organised Investitures were thrown into greater relief by the happy, spontaneous informality of the night of community singing and piping in the floodlit courtyard of grey-walled Holyrood, and the high solemnity of the great service at St. Giles's Cathedral, with the White Ensign of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham's famous flagship H.M.S. Warspite and the little-less glorious Red Ensign of the Cunarder Queen Elizabeth the focus of all eyes, as they were borne proudly down the aisle, was in strong contrast to the amazing scenes of merriment and gaiety which greeted the King and Queen and the Princesses when they went for their night drive through the floodlit city, with torches flaring a few feet from the Royal car, fireworks bursting overhead, and great bonfires gleaming on the hills.

Inauguration of a Fund

LADY VALIAN CHETWYND held a meeting at her charming house in Culross Street to inaugurate the Victor Chetwynd Tuberculosis

Fund, which she has started in memory of her late husband, Sir Victor Chetwynd, who died of tuberculosis at the early age of thirty-six. The aim of the Fund is to acquire immediately and run a sanatorium in England, Scotland and Ireland (and later in Switzerland), to save our Service men, particularly returned prisoners of war, from unnecessary suffering owing to the serious lack of sanatorium accommodation in this country, even for advanced cases.

Mrs. Bromley-Davenport, who works in the section of the Red Cross which deals with these cases, revealed that many patients had to wait three to six months for a bed. It is very sad, and few people know that over 11 per cent. of the returned prisoners of war have been found to be tubercular and in need of treatment. This is chiefly the result of lack of proper feeding in the Axis camps. The Fund has the full approval of the Government, and one hopes it will quickly receive the voluntary support it needs to save the suffering of those who have already suffered so much.

On the Committee

MARIE MARCHIONESS OF WILLINGDON took the chair at the meeting to form a committee, and the Marquess of Normanby was elected chairman of the Fund, with Lady Chetwynd as vice-chairman. Other members of the committee are Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Lady Albert Levy, Mrs. Bromley-Davenport, Mrs. Lysaght Green, Mrs. Myoriaty, the Countess of Rosslyn, Lady Victor Paget, Major-Gen. Gepp and Major-Gen. C. B. Price, both of the Canadian Red Cross, H.E. Señor Don Manuel Bianchi, the Chilean Ambassador, and the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend, who, after the meeting, was being congratulated on the good news that her daughter-in-law had given birth to a son and heir that afternoon. The Townshends already have two small daughters and were naturally hoping for an heir.

Short Speech

AFTER the meeting the Marquess of Normanby, himself an ex-prisoner of war, who was repatriated with many badly wounded sick men after doing magnificent work in helping the blind prisoners in Germany, made a short speech. He asked everyone to aid this Fund as quickly as they could, as not only were the men suffering physically but mentally, too, at the grave possibility of spreading tuberculosis among their families by living at home until there was room for them in a sanatorium. Besides those already mentioned at the meeting were Monsieur Massigli, the French Ambassador, Lady Belper, Lady Waddilove, who works so hard for the Red Cross and is always one of the first to respond to a cause like this one, and Sir Harry Brittain.

Chinese Sale

MADAME WELLINGTON KOO and members of the Chinese Women's Relief Association organised a very successful sale of gifts at the Chinese Embassy in Portland Place, in aid of the British Aid to China Fund, the money raised to be earmarked especially for orthopaedic work in China, in which Madame Wellington Koo takes such a great personal interest. There were some exquisite Chinese tapestries for sale and some lovely ivories and porcelains. The more practical presents included rubber hot-water bottles, handbags and fresh eggs.

Teas, which were provided in an adjoining room, helped to swell the Fund and were beautifully run by Countess Beauchamp, the attractive Danish-born wife of Earl Beauchamp, assisted by Mrs. Lee Mong-Ting, and Mrs. Kitson, who only returned from Chungking a few months ago when her husband was appointed head of the China section at the Foreign Office. Madame Wellington Koo was moving about the sale greeting many friends who had come to buy. Most of the ladies selling at the stalls were

(Continued on page 42)

To Be Married in Australia

Brigadier Derek Schreiber, Military Secretary to the Governor-General of Australia, the Duke of Gloucester, is to marry Viscountess Clive in October. Lady Clive is Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester, and is the widow of S/Ldr. Viscount Clive. The wedding will take place at Canberra

H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent and Her Children in Buckinghamshire

In this happy family picture, taken in the garden of the Duchess of Kent's country home, Coppins, Iwer, Buckinghamshire, the Duchess is seen with Princess Alexandra, Prince Michael, and her elder son, the young Duke of Kent, who celebrated his tenth birthday on the ninth of this month

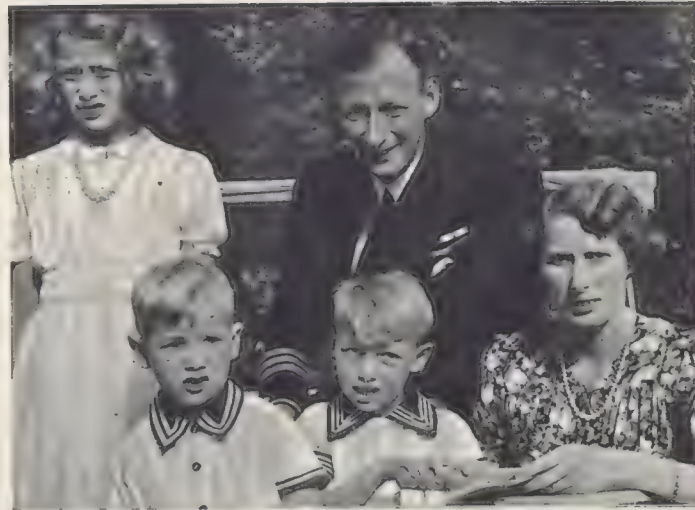


A Family Group in the Garden

On the occasion of King Christian's seventy-fifth birthday, the Royal Family were photographed at the King's summer residence. They are Queen Alexandrine with her two grandsons, Ingolf and Christian, King Christian (sitting) holding his youngest grandchild, Benedicte. Behind the King is Prince Knud, and his wife, Princess Caroline Mathilde, with her daughter, Elizabeth, and Crown Princess Ingrid and Crown Prince Frederik and their daughter, Margrethe

King Christian and the Danish Royal Family

In the Park of Sorgenfri,
Copenhagen



Crown Prince Frederik and Crown Princess Ingrid were photographed with their two curly-haired little daughters, Princess Margrethe and Princess Benedicte

Left: The Danish King's youngest son, Prince Knud, is seen with his wife, Princess Caroline Mathilde, their daughter, Princess Elizabeth, and their two sons, Prince Ingolf and Prince Christian



Children of the Danish Royal Family Playing in the Park

Left: Little Princess Benedicte toddles across the grass, encouraged by her elder sister, Princess Margrethe. Princess Benedicte was born in April of last year during the time that her parents were virtually in German custody in the Amalienborg Palace. Right: Prince Ingolf gives advice while his small cousin builds a rather precarious castle



Christening in Sussex

Lord and Lady Hawke's fourth daughter was christened Lavinia Mary at Rusper Parish Church, Faygate. After the ceremony Lord and Lady Hawke were photographed in the garden with all their young family



The Earl of Radnor's Daughter Marries

Mr. Richard Anthony Bethell, the Life Guards, eldest son of the late Capt. Adrian Bethell, and of Mrs. Bethell, of Rise Park, Hull, married Lady Jane Pleydell-Bouverie, daughter of the Earl of Radnor, of Longford Castle, Salisbury, and of Mrs. M. Selby-Lowndes. The wedding took place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

wearing their very becoming national dress and all looked charming. Madame Phang, who always takes a great interest in the fund, was helping, and so was Madame Huang, the wife of the Chinese Air Attaché, who was wearing dark green. Another helper who was doing a brisk trade was Madame Wunze King. Madame Massigli and Madame Gusev were both there during the afternoon and made several purchases.

Lady Cripps, president of the British Aid to China Fund, came early, and so did her sister-in-law, the Hon. Lady Egerton, chairman of the Ladies' Committee, who told me how hard they were now all working for the bazaar to be held in aid of this fund at the Hyde Park Hotel on October 20th, which Viscount Bennet

has promised to open. Here the stalls will all be named after various countries which have sent gifts to be sold for the fund: these include America, Malay States, Canada, New Zealand, Mexico, China, and a Scottish stall which is being run by the Hon. Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, who has collected together many lovely products of Scotland.

Quiet Wedding

IN the picturesque little village church of Hordle, in Hampshire, last month, Sir Anthony Twysden, who has been a prisoner since early in the war, married Miss Mary Blagrove, daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Blagrove, and Mrs. Blagrove. It was a very quiet wedding, because the bridegroom was just recovering from an illness contracted in a German prison camp, and only near relatives were present at the ceremony. The bride, who is petite and attractive, wore a printed dress with a hat to

match, and had no attendants; she was given away by her mother, who is a superintendent in the W.R.N.S. and wore her W.R.N.S. uniform.

The new Lady Twysden has, like her mother, been working during the war; she trained as a masseuse, and has been attached, firstly, to a big Edinburgh hospital, and then to one near London. She and her husband are making their home for the present with his step-mother, Eleanora Lady Twysden, at Downton Lodge, Hordle. The Twysden barony dates back to 1611, and the first baronet, Sir William Twysden, was one of the gentlemen who escorted James VI of Scotland to London when he took possession of the English crown.

Christening

MR. AND MRS. IVAR COLQUHOUN now have a little girl to keep the young heir company, and she was christened at the family place (Concluded on page 56)



Two Young Married Couples in a Party of Four Dining Out at the Mirabell

Lady Rupert Larnach-Nevill was listening attentively to Capt. H.S. Young, who is in the 12th Lancers. Lady Rupert was formerly Lady Anne Wallop, the Earl of Portsmouth's eldest daughter

Lord Rupert Larnach-Nevill was keeping Mrs. H. S. Young amused during dinner. Lord Rupert is the Marquess of Abergavenny's younger son, and married the former Lady Anne Wallop last year

Swatch



The bride and bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Macduff Burke, and their two bridesmaids, Miss Yvette Baillieu and Miss Diana Cunliffe-Owen, photographed together at the reception

Large London Wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster

The marriage of Mr. Denis Macduff Burke and Miss Phillippa Helen Cunliffe-Owen took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is the elder daughter of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, of Sunningdale Park, Sunningdale, Berkshire, and the bridegroom is the only son of Mrs. Frank Parkinson, of Charters, Sunninghill. There were two bridesmaids, the bride's younger sister, Miss Diana Cunliffe-Owen, and Miss Yvette Baillieu. A reception was held after the ceremony at the Dorchester Hotel

Photographs by Swaeb



The parents of the bride and bridegroom, who are seen together, were Mr. Frank Parkinson, with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Frank Parkinson, the bride's father, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, and Lady Cunliffe-Owen



Mrs. Walter Payne, and Mr. Dudley Cunliffe-Owen, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's only son who is in the Navy, were drinking a toast to the bride



H.R.H. Princess Marie Louise was talking to Sir George and Lady Franckenstein. Sir George was Austrian Minister in London until 1938



Sir Francis Towle, who was President of the International Hotel Alliance from 1935 to 1938, is seen with Lady Towle



Miss Tallas Blair-Drummond and Patricia Countess of Cottenham, who is the widow of the fourth Earl, were both smiling

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MR. ERROL FLYNN's gallant leadership of America's paratroopers in the unaided conquest of Burma will cost his Hollywood film-company some £200,000 on lost British bookings, it is calculated. The Russian film showing how the Russians took Germany single-handed still goes merrily on.

Credit-scooping of this kind is an old story. In every German history-book the victor of Waterloo is Blücher. All French but no British history-books detail the considerable share of the French Fleet in the American Revolution. We asked a Harley Street psychologist the reason for all this. He said it springs from humanity's principal motive, vanity, or "face." Compare (he said) the impressive fairytales of Grenville's *Revenge* and the Republic's *Vengeur*. He seemed so uppish about humanity at large that we asked him what happens in Harley Street when six mental specialists cure a rich loopy patient. He said there is a certain amount of bitterness and fighting, but only because no specialist can bear to scoop any of the credit. No, no! Please! Not I! Unlike showgirls, bullfighters, scientists, and politicians, the Harley Street boys live only to dodge away from the limelight and curl up with an improving book, a lesson to us all. And when they get into the Honours List something snaps inside them and they die.

Lure

WHETHER yellow eyelids blinked in Limehouse fan-tan dens at the news of Thomas Burke's death the other day we wouldn't know. Maybe the aborigines of Chinatown never heard of their laureate.

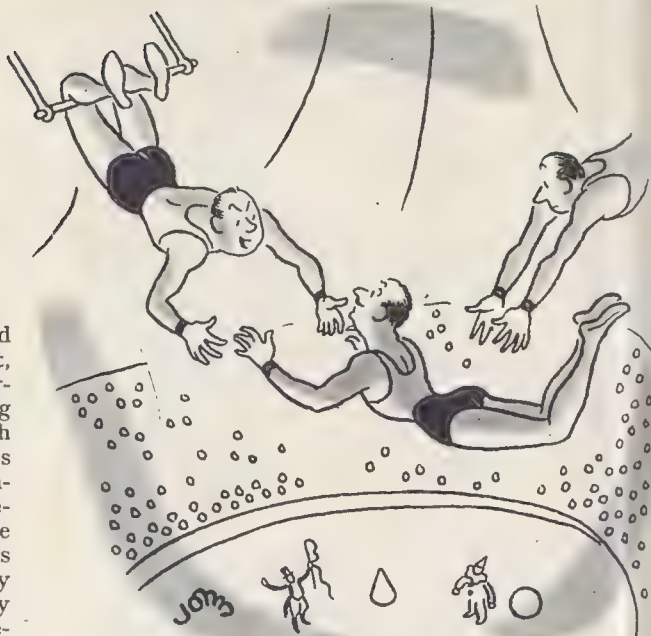
Burke did that drab quarter pretty well. We've been looking up some of his Limehouse stories. "It is a tale of love and lovers that they tell in the low-lit Causeway that slinks from West India Dock Road to the dark waste of waters beyond. . . ." Narks and thugs and tarts and opium-eaters and cops have their problems like the rest of us, as Burke revealed, and in the golden Edwardian era knives and revolvers and joss-sticks and dark doings in squalid Pennyfields back-rooms had an added charm for the comfortable bourgeoisie, who never bothered to reflect (e.g.) that Charlie Brown and his famous pub had a licence to lose, like the managing director of the

Ritz. What Limehouse and Poplar didn't much care about, we gather, was the rubber-neck motor-coach racket cashing in on Burke's success with trips to London's Glamorous Underworld. With cynical indifference the organisers refrained from enlivening those prim, grey, dreary little streets round the Docks with any Oriental allure, though they could easily have arranged something like those fake-Apache brawls tourists used to gawp at in Montmartre dives. Ho Ling and Kang Foo Ah were mooching round in their Western slops, maybe. A brace of chartered accountants would have been more exciting.

In fact chartered accountants are more exciting. A woman recently showed us a letter from one of them which was just one big cry of pain and passion.



"What do you mean, 'if the bank is going to be owned by the people, you're just taking your share now'?"



"Do I get that rise?"

Few poets could deal with Schedule A so movingly.

Orgy

MIDNIGHT tea-parties were hardly the kind of Byzantine orgy one had dreamed of in connection with Hitler's last weeks on earth (if he is dead). But having dug up these revelations, an evening paper printed them bravely and made no complaint.

Actually the tea-parties fit in accurately with all the rest of the essential *Hillerismus*. The man was (is) a vegetarian; that is to say a Manichee, and therefore a prig. Many prigs are essentially bloodminded—e.g. the cool, neat, prim, precise lawyer Dalrymple of Stair, who ordered the Glencoe massacre—and polite niff-naffery over the teacups affords them far more luxurious self-expression than flinging wineglasses in a good boozy brawl. We often shudder at those tea-drinkings in *Cranford*, which seem to conceal quite hellish repressions. There are indeed times when one could wish the ladies of *Cranford* had let themselves go a bit. For example:

"Another slice of muffin, my dear?"

"I think, Ma'am, I will take a slice of bread and butter."

Here Miss Matty suddenly bounds like a jaguar across the room and buries the cake-knife in the bosom of the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson. Blushing faintly, she resumes her chair.

"Pray, my dear, do not notice my little foibles. I have often desired to take a scoop at that raddled old meataxe."

"La, Ma'am, how she welters!"

"I protest, my dear, you must try a slice of this delicious whimsy-cake."

Here Miss Matty rings for a clean knife and cuts a dainty



"Is that the bit you were trying to read?"

slice, pausing midway to spring on Miss Jenkins, who, however, sidesteps and gets in a smart one with a silver candlestick. Bam! Miss Matty is out. The ladies rise and curtsy and assume their palans.

If you think this is exaggeration, you have evidently never attended one of those village tea-parties where the floor, to any imaginative eye, is strewn with tweedy corpses long before the Major drops his customary brick, with a jovial ha-ha.

Foible

KLEPTOMANIA being (among other things) on the increase in Crookery Nook, according to a recent magistrate, it occurred to us to wonder mildly if the New York departmental store method of coping with ladies who like stealing things has been tried in London.

The procedure is, or was a little time ago, that the chief house-detective invited any lady caught redhanded to choose between instant prosecution and favouring the firm with a copy of her fingerprints, then and there. This discouraged the fainthearted amateur right away and built up a dossier of tougher types which, being circulated round the Trade, came in useful when action was deemed necessary. And in any case it gave the chief house-detective something to do apart from lounging round incognito and looking hawk-eyed. Nothing is more tiring than keeping up that piercing relentless gaze, we guess, and nothing gives a detective away more quickly, especially against a background of soulful Nordic orbs like bottled gooseberries, such as you find daily in Oxford Street. No wonder so many weary dicks give it up and

take to the more restful occupation of bird-watching.

Bouquet

WHenever one of our much-loved Fleet Street brothers hands himself and the racket generally a bouquet for truth, courage, virtue, beauty, and cleanliness, as again happened the other day, we wonder why on earth he doesn't quote a striking poem on the Press composed in the 1850's by a Mr. G. W. Cutter and included in a favourite Victorian anthology of ours called *The Thousand Best Poems in the World*. You might say this Mr. Cutter is just crazy about us inky boys. Listen to this, for a start:

The Press! The Press! The glorious Press!
It dissipates our gloom!
And sheds a ray of happiness
O'er victims of the tomb! . . .

By the fourth stanza Mr. Cutter is casting discretion to the winds and letting enthusiasm rip, unashamed:

The Press! The Press! The glorious Press!
Blessings by it abound!
It changes man and makes him great
Wherever man is found!
The idols of the heathen land
And Superstition's sway,
And sceptres from the tyrants' hand
Through it are cast away!

Except that Mr. Cutter leaves out the powerful ad. boys (maybe to please his pious aged mother), nothing could be fairer.

Artist

So much good publicity was wasted on those three chaps who scaled a wall at Wormwood Scrubs the other evening that it is plain that more lovers of romance should curl up with the Newgate Calendar, one of the most improving works in English literature.

The Calendar relates the almost incredible escape of Jack Sheppard from Newgate with charming sobriety. Recollect that in one night this undersized sneakthief, heavily



"'Ave another shot, sir, p'raps 'e didn't hear you"

chained, handcuffed, and padlocked to the floor of his cell, broke through four or five enormous thick doors, each triple-barred, locked, and bolted, with no other tools than a small file and an iron bar wrenched from a chimney (one of these doors is in Madame Tussaud's today, unless we err). Having done so Sheppard returned coolly to his cell for something he had forgotten. Such a jailbreak, unrivalled in history, demonstrates that Unconquerable Spirit of Man the publicity boys rave about when boosting soap and toothpaste.

They got him again before long, of course, and he swung. For like every great artist, Mr. Sheppard could not keep his mouth shut.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"No wonder we couldn't agree . . . he's been judging the owners"

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Trials and Tribulations

DO.A.H.—Many years ago there was an amusing drawing in *Punch* that portrayed a shock-headed office boy worriedly glaring at a tangled ball of string. The caption was: "Somebody's bin and gorn and cut off the end!" This is exactly how everything appears to us in France at the moment, only while the office boy was outside the tangle we seem to be right in the middle of it, with very little hope that anyone will find the "cut-off" end and start unravelling the muddle.

Imprisoned in the heart of the mess, we try hard to wait patiently for better days, but the Powers-that-Be seem to be taking their time and playing ball with the tangle instead of really having a good shot at undoing it. We little 'uns that merely aspire to a simple, normal life, with the possibility of buying a winter coat and a pair of shoes and enjoying a couple of square meals a day, with, perhaps, a light breakfast and the luxury of an afternoon

but repeated in various guises day after day, it ends by getting one down.

Perhaps this is why the theatres and cinemas are so full, and every little wench on her way to work in the Metro has her nose buried in a fifty-centime shocker . . . only now they cost six francs! People read trash and flock to the flics in order to forget their little worries. Since one cannot drown 'em in drink, likker being scarce—the good stuff, at all events—one drowns 'em in thrills or laughter. A good Mickey Mouse or an absurd Popeye helps quite a lot, and one gets an hour's oblivion to outside troubles while waiting for the 'plane to go up or the submarine to go down. This reminds me to ask whether the play *Duet for Two Hands*, of which I saw photographs in these pages a few weeks ago, is adapted from the German film that was directed by Robert Weine in the long-past days of the silent films and shown in Paris under the title *Les Mains d'Orloff*, the



Former French Ambulance Driver

Mme. Remy Schelcher has done very fine work with the famous volunteer A.S.A. Ambulance Corps in Paris and during the Normandy campaign. Her husband has now safely returned from a P.O.W. camp in Germany, and they have a six-year-old son who was only a baby when his father was taken prisoner



The War Blind Visit "Victory Over Japan" Exhibition in Paris

A delegation of the Union of the War Blind recently paid a visit to the "Victory Over Japan" exhibition which was being held in the Avenue des Champs Élysées. Madeleine Carroll, the well-known film-star, came to the exhibition, and is seen in the midst of a group which includes M. Isaac, the President of the Union of the War Blind

cup-per-tea thrown in as make-weight, are aghast at the ever-mounting prices of the most ordinary commodities and, even so, at the difficulty of obtaining them. I will not bore you with a list of those prices, but, believe me, they are "anguishing," as the French say so eloquently.

We also seem to be up against a sort of organised, professional dishonesty. For instance, workmen are paid by the hour and we are told how much. It is not a little, and most of them will not be able to grumble when bread touches ten francs the kilo. It would not be so bad if only they worked at the job for which we have called them in, but usually they spend half their time mending—or pretending to mend—the tools with which they are operating, and thus it is that an hour's job can be spread out to last half a day. Small things, I grant you,

plot being taken from a French shocker by Maurice Renard. I remember the ado it caused on account of the realistic train-wreck that was one of the first dramatically spectacular productions ever seen on the screen.

WE discovered, when we were small, that the cake on the farthest side of the dish was always the most desirable. Is this (I am full of queries to-day!) the reason of the enthusiastic praise accorded by English critics to the French films that are shown in London, while, in Paris, their confrères wax lyrical over the English-speaking chef-d'œuvres (?) that come across the Channel and the Atlantic? The *Kermesse Héroïque* is one of the finest pictures ever made in any country, and *Le Carnet de Bal* and the *Pierres de la Couronne* follow it closely in worth, but there are other pictures that you seem to

enjoy that are rated as navets over here . . . though why they should be called "turnips" le bon Dieu alone knows.

A good many navets have been more or less saved by the excellent acting of the stars. Harry Baur, for instance, was a wonderful St. Bernard, though he belonged, as did Signoret, another great French actor, to the "grimacing school," and his death, which occurred in April '43, is a great loss to the French producers.

Poor Harry's last years were extremely sad. He had a house not far from my Farm-on-the-Island, and I saw a good deal of him during the summer of '39. Though still in the early fifties, he was a very tired man and his heart was overstrained. He had known great poverty in his youth and had a hard struggle before success came to him. He never really got over the tragic death of his eldest son and of his first wife, which followed shortly afterwards. During Occupation I lost sight of him. He had played in Germany before the war and had many German admirers; since one was likely to meet them at his house, one naturally kept away. In '41 or '42 he went to Berlin, where he was paid three million francs for the three films in which he acted. The German propaganda Press made an asset of the fact that he was photographed in the front row of a meeting where Hitler was ranting, and on his return to Paris he was cold-shouldered by the Resistance. In order to regain favour he spoke, with dangerous freedom, of his stay in Germany. He was then arrested by the Germans and spent four months at the Cherche-Midi prison, where—so he told me after his release—he was not badly treated and was allowed to receive Red Cross and other parcels from outside. He died of heart failure the following year, a prematurely old man.

THERE is a droll side to even the most tragic situations. Ribbentrop, the war criminal, is figuring in a record number of libel cases as well as answering for his serious crimes. It seems that several foolish, and uncharitable, gossips have unwarrantably linked his name with that of certain femmes du monde who, since Liberation, have served various terms of imprisonment at Fresnes awaiting their trial as collaborationists. They have all been acquitted, and now are out for revenge. One heartily sympathises with them.

PRISCILLA.



Angus McBean

A Master of Music

Richard Tauber, Conductor, Singer and Composer

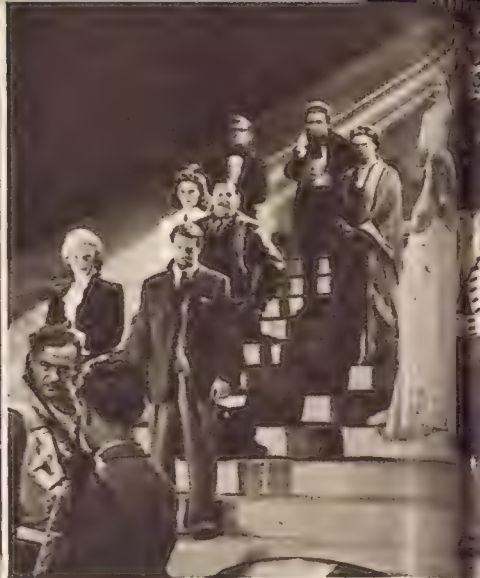
Richard Tauber, the famous tenor, has proved himself a tower of strength by his brilliant conducting of Johann Strauss's score for Bernard Delfont's production of *Gay Rosalinda*, which continues to pack the Palace Theatre. This is not the first occasion on which Richard Tauber has forsaken the stage for the baton. Music lovers in England will always recall the series of concerts he conducted for the London Philharmonic, the London Symphony and the National Symphony Orchestras. His next appearance on the stage will be in New York during the early part of next year. He will appear in a new production of Franz Lehar's lovely operetta, *Land of Smiles*



Michael Powell, who, with Emeric Pressburger, has given us such fine films as "49th Parallel" and "Colonel Blimp," is now hard at work on his new production, "A Matter of Life and Death." He is seen at the door of his caravan, which is pitched in a secluded corner near the studios



Joan Maude, who plays the Chief Recorder in the film, is the daughter of Nancy Price. With her is **Robert Coote**, who is very much at home in his R.A.F. uniform, as he served with the R.C.A.F. during the war



On the Set for "A Matter of Life and Death"

A Film in the

Stars and Personalities of
and Death" On and Off the

● **Michael Powell** and **Emeric Pressburger** have been "different," expressing some meaning well beyond the usual level of cinema. Their production, "A Matter of Life and Death," is no exception. It is to be known, and the Other World as S/Ldr. Carter, baled out of his 'plane' without a parachute, it seems beyond belief that he can live. I wonder, his awe and his sense of humour, were



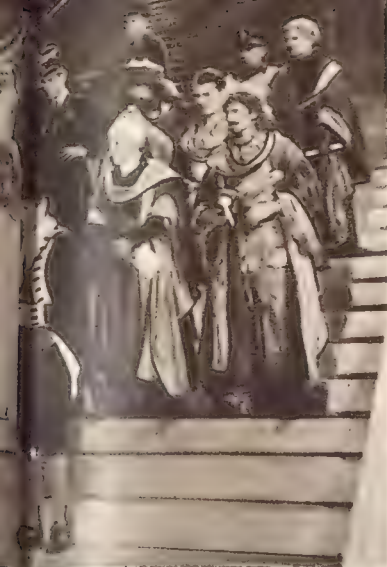
Marius Goring found time to smoke his pipe between shots. He plays the part of the French conductor in the Other World who has been on duty since the French Revolution. Marius Goring is married to Lucie Mannheim, and is well known on the films and stage as a player of neurotic parts



Roger Livesey, of "Colonel Blimp" fame, is seen as the bearded Dr. Reeves, a country practitioner who has won some recognition in medical circles for his studies of mental diseases. He fights for S/Ldr. Carter's life, and in doing so loses his own



David Niven plays the part of S/Ldr. Carter. At the end of the year he is going back to Hollywood to be away five years. His contract with Samuel Goldwyn was suspended early in the war so that he could serve over here, has been resumed, and he starts with



"A Matter of Life and Death"

te Making

"A Matter of Life and Death" Set at Denham

have always made films that are... has brought any of their pro-... green entertainment. *A Matter of Life and Death* is the story of two worlds, the one we see and the other Carter sees it when, having been severely injured that he is so severely injured that through his imagination, his know-... see this Other World for ourselves



Exterior shot outside the studios shows Gerik Schjelderup and pretty Angela Wyndham Lewis. Her father is one of the "Tatler and Bystander's" most popular contributors with his "Standing By"



A backroom personality who is well known at Denham is Joseph Toye, whom you see hard at work in the "Special Effects" and Pattern Shop

Photographs by
Brodrick Vernon



Sculptor Eric Aumonier is another of the important people down at Denham besides the stars. He is seen at work on a plastic figure of Capt. Scott, the Arctic explorer



Kim Hunter, a twenty-three-year-old whom the two producers found after a 6000-mile search for the typical American girl, has her first star part acting opposite David Niven. She is the American W.A.C. with whom S/Ldr. Carter falls in love. Kim was in the Ginger Rogers' picture "Tender Comrade"



Raymond Massey, whose last stage appearance in this country was in "Idiot's Delight" before the war, is paying a fleeting visit to Britain to play the part of Abraham Farlan, the first American to die of an English bullet in the War of Independence

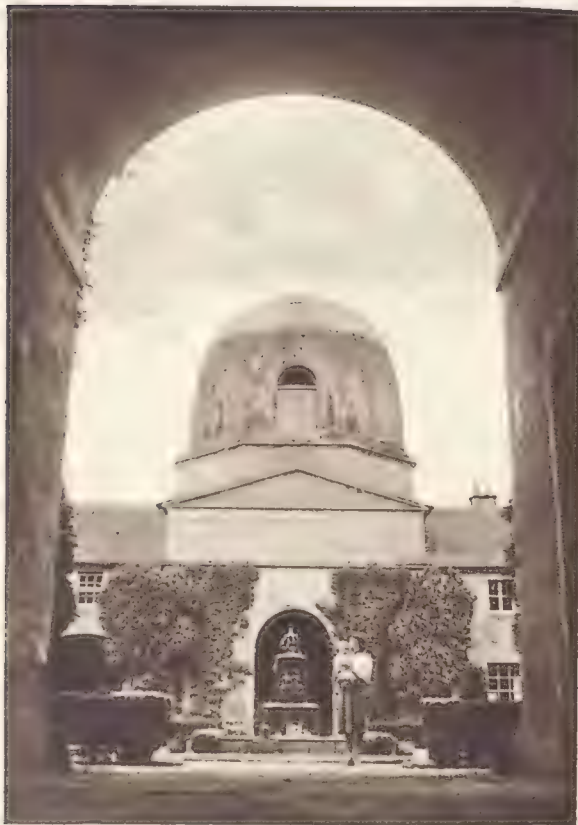
in the film. At the... and will probably... Goldwyn, which... ld join the Army... picture in January

Ancestral Mansion in Midlothian

And its Chatelaine, Lady Clerk of Penicuik

● One of the most unique and beautiful of Midlothian homes is the Scottish seat of Sir John Dutton Clerk, R.N.V.R., who is at present serving in the Far East. Sir John, who is twenty-eight, succeeded his father, the ninth baronet, in 1943. In the following year he married Miss Evelyn Elizabeth Robertson. Sir John's mother, the Hon. Lady Clerk, is the younger daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Dutton and a sister of the sixth Baron Sherborne. Prominent among the present baronet's descendants was Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, who was celebrated as a diarist and versifier. During his Lairdship, Penicuik became the meeting-place of such gifted Scotsmen as Allan Ramsay.

Photographs by Brodrick Vernon



The courtyard at Penicuik can be seen through the entrance archway. The great domed building beyond was formerly the pigeon house, which is an exact replica of a renowned Roman temple in Stirlingshire, now demolished



The entrance front of the present house, with its impressive clock tower, is an elegant range of buildings. It was skilfully converted out of the old stables by the late Sir George Clerk and his wife, Amyee Lady Clerk



Lady Clerk and Her Mother-in-Law



Lady Clerk with Her Baby Son Robert



The Commando Cricket Club Play the New Zealanders at Bognor Regis

The Commando Cricket Club: (sitting) Lt. T. E. Bailey, R.M., Lt. E. W. Spicer, R.M., Capt. A. B. Quick, R.M., Lt.-Col. J. M. Dunning-White, 8th Hussars, Capt. R. P. Stonor, R.M. (captain), Capt. W. G. Graham, B.W., Major C. M. Andreae, R.M.; (standing) Mr. T. Williams (umpire), Lt. E. Tinkler, Mr. A. Gover, Sapper J. Knowles, Lt. A. W. H. Mallett, R.M., Capt. D. V. Hall, R.M.

The match was played in aid of the Commandos Benevolent Fund and the Royal Naval Benevolent Fund. The New Zealanders made 90 for 5 wickets. Sitting: W. H. Vincent, F. T. Badock, K. C. James, M. P. Donnelly, F. W. Byerley, T. L. Pritchard. Standing: J. Jacobs, T. M. Sharp, A. T. Burgess, A. C. Roberts, D. A. Thomas, S. Heppell

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

The Recent Newmarket Sales

A DISTINGUISHED correspondent, who should know what he is talking about, writes me: "What fantastic prices at the Sales! Horses surely cannot be worth such figures with so few good stakes for which to run?" That was true in some cases; but it is suggested that buyers were out for blood, and that as things are, there is not a very big risk of their not being able to cover outlay by stud fees. There is, of course, this—that if a horse should happen to show on the turf that none of the racing excellencies of his forebears have been handed on to him, it may be a longish time before he will command any patronage, but that is a risk that has to be taken. The buyers from foreign countries—one in particular—obviously were ready, and rich enough, to take it. The racecourse is the only reliable test for dividing the gold from the dross, but usually blood will tell. We have palpable and recent proof before our eyes. The preponderant fact which these recent big prices ram home is the high repute of British blood. A good article will usually command its price, but nevertheless it is astounding to discover so many people with long stockings at a time when most of us have to look at both sides of a sixpence before spending it. We ought to rejoice, for it surely means that in one department of trade we are still supreme. It proves, as I said in a recent note, that the drawers of water have still got to come back to The Source to refill their pitchers. I suppose everyone remembers that beautiful work of art "La Source"?

Sunstroke

A RECENT reference in these notes to the flimsy head-covering worn by our troops in India, Burma, etc., and the almost total absence of any cases of sunstroke, has brought me the following very interesting letter from a most distinguished cricketer, who desires to remain anonymous, but of whose identity I expect many will have a shrewd idea.

Long years ago you were nice enough to write me a charming letter. I have just read your article in *The Tatler* of 22nd August. Sunstroke has always interested me a good deal (having had it!). If you care to follow up what you wrote, you will find some rather interesting notes on it in Alan Gerbault's *Cruise of the Firecrest*. He never wore anything on his head sailing round the world, and many times must have had a series of doses of sun reflected from the water to his eyes.

The answer, I believe, and of which I make you a present for what it is worth, is that sun effects are

vastly reduced if nothing is worn on the feet. In other words, the "sawdust" on top merely conducts the sun through and out of the body via bare feet. This had some confirmation in Mesopotamia after the last war, when in a real bad show most of a battalion were ignominiously captured, robbed of their head-gear and boots, and marched for several days. They had their casualties, as you may imagine, but not from sunstroke!

Out East this war they think that a lot of what previously passed for sunstroke was really heat-stroke. Hope you flourish!

It is a fascinating theory and quite possibly true. The native in India, and elsewhere, walks about the earth barefooted. I have never heard of any cases of sunstroke amongst them. Perhaps some friendly doctor with expert knowledge of "The Solar Myth" would help us by joining in the chorus?

Kipling

ONE of the reviewers of Mr. Hilton Brown's *Rudyard Kipling*, the erudite Mr. George Malcolm Thomson, has said that it leaves "the personality of Kipling obscure as well as disagreeable." I think it shows, however, that Mr. Hilton Brown had met Kipling, but exactly when I am not sure. When I met him it was either just before, or just after, he had emerged from the office of *The Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore, where he got his inspiration for that wonderful sketch, "The City of Dreadful Night." It would be quite untrue to say that at that time Kipling was very popular. I found him a person who always had his guard up; very conceited, and suffering from that painful complaint, the inferiority complex. He had not been exactly polite to a good many people, particularly to those whom he called "the little tin gods upon wheels." What they called him I should hate to tell you. He was then enjoying a great vogue with those little paper books published by Wheeler's and sold on the railway bookstalls—*Soldiers Three*, *The Phantom Rickshaw*, *The Story of the Gadsbys*, etc., etc. He was also on the verge of publishing *Plain Tales from the Hills* in book form, and that did not add to his popularity with those to whom I have just

(Continued on page 52)



Dinner at the Mansion House for Essex Cricketer's Birthday

The Lord Mayor, Sir Frank Alexander, and Lady Alexander gave a dinner at the Mansion House to the Rev. Canon F. H. Gillingham, the Essex cricketer, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. Sir Frank and Lady Alexander are seen chatting to Canon and Mrs. Gillingham, who all appeared to be in excellent form



D. R. Stuart

Two Harlequin Skippers

Sir Wavell Wakefield (right), who played for England from 1920, came to watch his old side play their first match since the war, and had a talk about the prospects with Kenneth Chapman, the captain for 1945



The Beginning of the Rugby Season: The Harlequins XV.

The Harlequins played their first match since 1939 at Old Deer Park, Richmond. Front row: D. Bulmer, Mr. Steele-Bodger, A. G. Butler. Middle row: D. G. Barton, H. de Lacy, K. H. Chapman, A. D. Stoop (President), F. P. Dunkley, B. H. Birkett. Back row: D. B. Vaughan, D. K. Brooks, C. W. Horner, R. L. Hudson, R. H. G. Weighill, R. C. Lemon, J. Lennox-Cook

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

referred. Everyone recognised his almost uncanny genius for manipulating the large range of colours he had on his palette and his simply extraordinary talent for imagination. There was also the little matter of that touch of the "brogue," peculiar to Hindustan, and I fancy that he knew it.

His Models

A GREAT number of these were ready-made, and hardly demanded any creation.

"Strickland Sahib," for instance, was Warburton, though some people I know thought that it was either Sir Charles Cleveland or Sir Douglas Straight, two other very expert policemen; but as Warburton was the only man of whom I have ever heard who could go across the Frontier and return, there is no doubt as to whom Kipling meant. "Mowgli," again, was real; there was also a wolf girl, and, so far as I remember, neither of them was ever tamed, or taught to be anything else but wolves. "Mrs. Hawksbee" so many of us knew very well: a most charming woman, and many people never forgave Kipling for libelling her. Where he got Gadsby from, Heaven alone knows; he was far worse than any of John

Strange Winter's cavalry officers, "Bootles" included, and I cannot think that any regiment would have stood him for one moment. I may sound a heretic, but *The Maltese Cat* was, in my opinion, quite nonsense from the polo point of view. However, lots of people who did not know liked it. "Private Mulvaney" he could have met in the Meean Mir cantonment, or any other cantonment, for he was very plentiful at the time when the Martini was the best rifle in the British Army. All those extraordinary stories of the Frontier fights he could have got from any regiment that had been on service in those parts, and at that time I know that Kipling had never been near the Frontier. One of his real gems was *The Grave of the Hundred Head*,



Well-Known Owners and Breeders at the Bloodstock Sales at Ballsbridge, Dublin

Poole, Dublin

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Harold Boyd-Rochfort were having a word with Don Ferdinando d'Ardia Caracciolo and Viscountess Adare, who is the wife of the Earl of Dunraven's son and heir. Lt.-Col. Boyd-Rochfort is the brother of Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the King's trainer, and lives at Middleton Park, County Westmeath

H.H. Prince Aly Khan bought a number of well-bred yearlings. Both he and Mr. Paddy Beary, who is private trainer to Lord Glentoran and Sir Thomas Dixon, were busy looking through their catalogues. Before the war Mr. Beary trained in Wiltshire, at Tilshead

Viscount Adare, seen with Earl Fitzwilliam, was a vendor at the Sales, although most of his yearlings were sold at Newmarket recently. Lord Fitzwilliam bought a number of yearlings for his Rockingham Stud in England, including a nice-looking filly by Fair Trial out of Polaire



Rosslyn Park v. The Harlequins

Rosslyn Park drew with the Harlequins 9-9. Front row: D. A. Procter, M. Henderson, J. Graham-Jones. Middle row: F. F. J. Lyall (Hon. Sec.), J. M. Reichwald (captain), H. A. Burlinson (Hon. Treas.), P. F. Cooper, J. R. Tyler, P. Waterkeyn. Back row: E. G. McKeown, S. A. Evans, J. L. Churcher, J. P. Doyle, K. G. D. Evans, F. I. D. Priest, R. A. Brown, P. W. G. Johnston

which had to do with the fighting against King Theebaw in that Burma campaign, which was just as uncomfortable as the one just over. It was an absolute inspiration.

Tutors

NOT so very long ago, in the gay times of Thomas Ingoldsby, gentlemen of fashion used to swear by the Rood. Things have altered, and nowadays the Rude swear at us, and these do not include merely the stock sergeant-major and the riding-master, who, of course, are only brusque because they want to do us good. It is the others who are much harder to bear. No one really minds being told that the only place in which he ought to

ride is in a cart with a net over it, or that the tutor has got a little boy as would understand a lot quicker than a lop-eared, wall-eyed something like you would. No, it is those others with that sneering devil in their smile who get our goat, and even make us wish that we were an Aurochs, driven mad by mosquitoes, or a Royal Bengal, who has found his favourite village evacuated. They will say: "I heard such a funny story about you the other day!" and then stop dead; or, "I wonder you don't go and see . . ."—it usually is a plastic surgeon; or, "Really, darling! You know my husband never even expects to be believed!" or, "I expect you play a smashing game of Patience!" By the Rood, by all the halidomes!



Before the Game

M. Rene Muller, President of the Rugby Section of the Stade Français, was with Mr. F. J. Lyall, Capt. J. M. Graham Jones and Capt. J. M. Reichwald



D. R. Stuart

Rugby Players in Uniform

F/Lt. R. H. G. Weighill, D.F.C., the International forward for England, who is now at Fighter Command, was with F/O. Horner



A recently-engaged couple were Major Alexander Reid-Scott, M.C., 11th Hussars, and Miss Ann Mitchell. Major Scott is the only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Reid-Scott, and Miss Mitchell is the daughter of Lt.-Col. Mitchell, who is an ex-Joint-Master of the Kildare Hounds



More Irish and English Racing and Hunting Personalities at the Sales

Mr. John Musker, an English owner and breeder, with Lady Veronica Maddick, watching the yearlings being paraded by their grooms before entering the Sale ring. Lady Veronica Maddick is a daughter of the third Marquess of Dufferin and Ava



-Poole, Dublin

Major and Mrs. Cecil F. Wilkins were chatting to Lord Glenloran, M.P. (centre), who was formerly Minister for Agriculture in the Northern Ireland Parliament. He received a record price for one of his foals, a bay filly foal by Stardust out of Quay Hill. Major Wilkins is manager of Lord Glenloran's stud

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Elizabeth Bowen

Genius

To read *Charles Dickens*, by Dame Una Pope-Hennessy (Chatto and Windus; 21s.), is to be plunged in all the ardours of a pursuit. No life of Dickens has been written since his collected letters were published by the Nonesuch Press in 1938. Up to now, the John Forster "Life," published a year or two after Dickens died, has remained the standard work, on which all subsequent studies have been based. Dame Una calls Forster's "the first and greatest book." Forster was Dickens's close—for many years closest—friend: for twenty years (up to 1856, when an estrangement set in) he enjoyed a unique view of Dickens's creative, personal and domestic life. Onward from 1856, Forster's account of Dickens, Dame Una considers, "flags both in intimacy and accuracy." Under the circumstances, this would be inevitable. Arguably, in his later years (when Wilkie Collins, if anyone, succeeded to Forster's place), Dickens became more difficult to know. And a degree of knowledge was, by Forster, suppressed: "he eliminated certain people and certain episodes from his story with the aim of presenting a Dickens so consistently great and good as to compel the homage of posterity. Despite [continues Dame Una] its planned limitations, the book remains, and must remain, the indispensable monument to friendship and genius that it was constructed to be."

This present *Charles Dickens* gains by the absorption of the material of the Letters, by the perspective of time (for there are seventy years between the Forster biography and Dame Una's), and by wide and enterprising research. Best of all, the research has been intuitive. Ant-like industry can always amass facts, but mass presentation of facts can be fogging and stupefying. To know about a man, dead or living, is not, always, to know him. Here, we have events and details of Dickens's life not only selected for their true relevance, but so placed that their relevance may appear.

Relevance to what? To the man himself. I think I am right in saying that throughout this book the author makes no arbitrary statement, at any point, about Dickens's character—a character infinitely more fascinating, magnetic, memorable than any in any of his own novels. She has brilliantly pin-pointed, without ever attempting to pin down, what made Charles Dickens Charles Dickens, and ailed Charles Dickens—his genius.

He was probably the last English writer whose genius is an incontrovertible fact.

Unpredictable

This, at least where I am concerned, is where the ardours of the pursuit come in. It is impossible, one must be convinced, to know any one person—however well-beloved, however apparently straightforward—entirely. In real

life, probably, one instinctively simplifies as one goes along; at risk of being violently disconcerted. We are at ease with the classic characters of drama and fiction, because they have been simplified for us by their creators. And, in our desire to be on terms with great men of the past, we often fall prey to (or offer ourselves as prey to) the over-simplifying biographer: we follow pointers, we do not question the colour given to facts. Dame Una Pope-Hennessy is not a simplifying biographer; she has not simplified Dickens; she has, rather, crystallised him—or, better, made it possible for the man Charles Dickens to crystallise himself in one's consciousness. Inside a glittering haze of contradictions, the man's being gradually takes form. One feels Charles Dickens—which is the best way to know him.

For Dickens lived, and created life in his books, in terms of feeling and not of thought. Arguably he never grew up—it may be asked, how many people do? He continued to inhabit, and reproduce, the intense climate of childhood and early youth; when towards the end of his life, this climate thinned round him, he became restless, disorientated and miserable. His actual childhood, as we all know, was without the ordinary base of security and



David Gurney

Peter Daubeny has recently formed his own play-producing firm, whose last production was "*Jacobowsky and the Colonel*" at the Piccadilly Theatre. He is now in America discussing forthcoming productions of Peter Daubeny Ltd. During the war he served with the Coldstream Guards and fought throughout the North African campaign, and at Salerno, where he was wounded

cosiness; he was first made aware of society through his own profound childish social humiliation; he was virtually out on the world at twelve. One might say that in after-life he was always trying to produce for himself the conditions of that perfectly happy childhood for which sensibility fitted him, and which he had never had. Eagerly he sought, by a very young and not inspiring marriage, the domesticity that most young men of temperament shun, or, at least, postpone. Conventionally, the pattern of his life ran in reverse: he settled down, then later sowed his wild oats. While still, in appearance, a pretty boy (one cannot wonder that Steerforth called David Copperfield "Daisy") he was a model young husband and father. In the ravaged face of the fifty-year-old Dickens there is—apart from the extravagantly maestro-like appearance—something disconcerting: a disaster seems to have occurred. The belated emergence of the man from the child must have been a cosmic disturbance. Virtue and conviction seem to have gone.

A precocious, and always enduring, sense of responsibility (which at times, as Dame Una shows, became almost folie de grandeur), phenomenal will-power, a regard for propriety which was at once childish and Victorian, and what one might call sheer good feeling and kindness, kept Dickens on the rails. His actual life, after all, was only a small portion of his experience: the more drastic and towering of his sensations were bound up in the writing of his novels.

We know what Dickens's novels did, and do, to his public; Dame Una shows what they did to Dickens himself.

Celebrity

"CHARLES DICKENS" is not a study of the man from any one particular angle. As I have suggested, Dame Una works by a method akin to pin-pointing searchlights. She does, however, bring Dickens most often to our imaginations in two ways—as a celebrity and as

(Concluded on page 56)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

ONE of the difficulties facing most of us to-day is the problem of not becoming *drab*. Drab, that is, mentally even more than physically. We need a psychological holiday. Our clothes begin to look like a losing battle with make-do-and-mend; our minds are becoming a one-way street. We lack colour in everything we do, think or hope for. Feminine conversation consists almost entirely of a continuous repetition of the food problem, clothing coupons, and the utter boredom of washing-up. The weather, as a topic of conversation, was gay by comparison.

Most men, having been in the Services, have more to think about, and so, in this respect, have most young women. Yet both, when they return home, have their enlarged outlook narrowed down in a jiffy to the subject of queues, how to wangle an extra egg, new shoes for Little Willy, the Governmental muddle of this and that, and disappearance of fashioned stockings. Any other subject of conversation, you will notice, soon falls upon half-listening ears. It is not to be wondered at. One's mind is always a reflection of our inner-life, and that inner-life can only make the poorest showing when it is perpetually being harassed by such problems as what to give the family for a pudding on Thursday, should we be losing the Peace to light a fire, whether our brown-paper shoe-soles will last out the winter, if the fishmonger will have fish on Saturday, and if "no beer or spirits," "no matches" and "sorry—no offal!" will greet us when we sally forth in the morning. Yet it is hard to think of anything else because they harry us like persistent bluebottles.

What we all need, therefore, is a mental holiday. Life, for the last six years, has had its fill of excitement and sorrow. Now, more than anything else, it demands colour. Something to fill our minds with new ideas, our hearts with a gleam of joy; something to make our inner-life feebly dance, metaphorically speaking, with joy.

It's useless taking the body to Blackpool if the spirit can't look forward to a holiday as well. Yet everything, or almost everything, is against it. We are losing touch with our long-distance friends, since we cannot invite them to stay with us, nor accept their invitations. Neither is quite fair on the respective store-cupboards. Modern books worth reading are out of print almost before they have been published. In almost every direction where happiness plans for itself a little holiday, it comes up against something which immediately restricts its activity.

No wonder we are getting very drab. No wonder we seize on music, mostly thanks to the B.B.C., as to a life-line. No wonder the pubs are filled to overflowing. Somehow, after a couple of pints, life seems to lose something of its greyness. No wonder there is the present wave of immorality to disturb our social conscience. Even sin has its colour.

The problem for most of us is not to let this ceaseless drabness get us completely down. Human happiness, luckily, is extraordinarily resilient. We have so much to be thankful for, that it only needs a little more to renew life's zest. But we certainly do need that Little More soon. We are all too weary of making do and mending other things than clothes. It would be sad if it could ever be said that our tribulations made us bores.

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Wall — Renshaw

Lt. W. R. P. Wall, S.A.A.F., son of Major and Mrs. Wall, of Greytown, Natal, married Miss Margot Renshaw, daughter of Sir Stephen Renshaw, of Great Fransham, East Dereham, Norfolk, and of Mary Lady Renshaw, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Salmon — Tucker

F/Lt. A. F. Salmon, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. S. H. Salmon, of Jersey, married Miss Pamela Tucker, daughter of Mrs. Elsie Tucker, and granddaughter of the late Sir Louis Newton, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Hill Archer — Gourlay

Major Robin Hamlin Hill Archer, elder son of the late Mr. Neville Hill Archer, and of Mrs. N. Hill Archer, of 48, Elizabeth Street, S.W.1, married Miss Cherrie Mary Gourlay, second daughter of Lt.-Col. C. W. Gourlay, M.C., T.D., of The Lodge, Harefield, Middlesex, and of the late Mrs. N. W. Gourlay



Frisby, Dorchester
Cameron — Lee-Norman

Major Ralph Cameron, M.C., younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Donald Cameron, of Ferden, The Nile, Tasmania, married Miss Anne Lee-Norman, elder daughter of the late Capt. Lee-Norman, and of Mrs. T. Lee-Norman, of Little Court, Charminster, near Dorchester, Dorset



Nicholas, Salop
Thompson — Bibby

Capt. Noel Dennis Thompson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Thompson, of Eserick, York, married Miss Cynthia Joan Bibby, only daughter of the late Capt. F. Brian Bibby, and Mrs. J. R. Campbell, of Sansaw Hall, near Shrewsbury, at Clive Parish Church



Swabe
Van Burton — Lauder

Mr. Van Burton, 12th Royal Lancers, son of Mrs. Seggman, of U.S.A., married Miss Rachel Lauder, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. C. G. Lauder, of Kingscote, Tetbury, Gloucestershire. Miss Lauder served as a V.A.D. during the war



Ratiu De Nagylak — Pilkington

Ion Augustin Ratiu De Nagylak, cousin of Mr. and Mrs. V. V. Tilea, Holton Place, Wheatley, Oxfordshire, married Miss Elizabeth Pilkington, only daughter of Col. Guy Pilkington, D.S.O., and Mrs. Pilkington, of Fairfield, St. Helens, Lancashire, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Parsons — Cummins

Capt. Derrick E. L. Parsons, Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Parsons, Old Timbers, Lowfield Heath, Crawley, married Miss Deirdre Dorothea Cummins, V.A.D., daughter of Col. and Mrs. A. A. Cummins, of Ardlochan House, The Maidens, Ayrshire, at Coonoor, India



Boyd — Lewis-Crosby

Capt. Michael McNeil Boyd, Irish Guards, elder son of the Lord Bishop of Derry and Mrs. Eoyd, of The Bishop's Lodge, Londonderry, married Miss Hilda Lewis-Crosby, younger daughter of the Dean of Christchurch, Dublin, and Mrs. Lewis-Crosby, of The Grange, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin, Eire

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 42)

at Luss, Dumbartonshire, by the Rev. A. Campbell, who gave her the names of Iona Mary. As is customary in the Church of Scotland, the infant's father held her during the ceremony. The godparents were Anna Lady Colquhoun, the Hon. Mrs. George Hardinge, Miss Mary Colquhoun, Capt. Mark Longman, R.A., and Mr. J. Irvine, Grenadier Guards. The baby wore a family lace robe, and on the cushion was fastened a sprig of the berry which is the family badge, tied with tartan ribbon. The little girl's year-and-a-half-old brother, Torquil, was present and was an interested spectator of the cake-cutting which took place in the porch of the church. The cake was home-made and bore the word "Iona" on it in tiny silver bells, and the guests were all given sprays of purple heather as souvenirs of the occasion. Unfortunately, neither Mrs. Colquhoun's sisters, the Hon. Mrs. John Grimston and Miss Paddy Duncan, nor her mother, Mrs. Walter Duncan, were able to go up north for this. Mrs. Duncan has taken over the young Colquhouns' flat in Cadogan Square, and intends to give some of her favourite dances with reels this winter for her youngest daughter, Paddy, who has been working hard as a nurse during the war years.



London Christening

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Diacre was christened Carolyn Raymonde at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Mr. Diacre, who is in the Life Guards, has seen action in North Africa and Italy, and in France and Germany, where he served with the Eighth Army

Old Vic First-Night

THE Old Vic's return to the New Theatre provided the most exciting first-night of the season. The opening play, *Henry IV.*, Part One, with Ralph Richardson as Falstaff and Laurence Olivier as Hotspur, was greeted with a storm of applause and many curtain calls.

Stalls and boxes were full of celebrities. The Earl of Lytton, Viscount Esher, Lord Hambleden and Sir Kenneth Clark were there. John Gielgud escorted Mrs. Ralph Richardson (Meriel Forbes), and went round after the show to congratulate his old friend Richardson, with whom he had acted so often at the Old Vic in the 1930-31 seasons.

Noel Coward brought Adrienne Allen. Mrs. Churchill sat in the stalls with her daughter, Mary, and they would no doubt have had Mr. Churchill, an ardent Old Vic "fan," with them had he returned in time from the South of France. Beatrice Lillie, Claire Luce (just back from her triumphs at Stratford-upon-Avon), Deborah Kerr, Terence Rattigan, G. B. Stern, Hugh Williams were among those in the stalls. Mr. Duff



Christened at Grosvenor Chapel

The younger daughter of Major David Summers, the Life Guards, and Mrs. Summers, of 42, Upper Brook Street, London, W.1, was christened Carole at the Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street. The godparents were Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, Brigadier Toby Law and Lt.-Col. Robin Hastings

Cooper was with Lady Diana Cooper, applauding the performance as enthusiastically as they had greeted the Comédie Française triumph in Paris.

"Save the Children"

MRS. CLEMENT ATTLEE made her first appearance since her husband became Prime Minister, as chairman of a charity committee when she presided over the gathering held to announce the arrangements for a Sunday matinée of *Dancing Through* in aid of the Save the Children Fund. Speaking from a few notes Mrs. Attlee dealt feelingly with the aims of the Fund and announced that the Duchess of Kent had promised to attend the matinée on the 21st of this month, at the Odeon, Leicester Square. The Marchioness of Carisbrooke is vice-chairman, and there is an imposing entertainment committee which includes the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Juliet Duff, the Countess of Kimberley, Marie Marchioness of Willington, Lady Kemsley, Princess Romanovsky, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, and Mrs. Noel-Baker.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

a Victorian. One might say that he had a genius for celebrity. He played the part he was called on so young to play with more than good grace, with passion and virtuosity. He looked, dressed (his quite awful clothes being naively modelled on Count d'Orsay's), behaved, and, above all, felt like a genius who, year by year, takes more of the world by storm. Each success only charged up further an already extra-high-powered nature. He seems to have been unaffected in the sense that, throughout all changes in moral fashion, remains admirable; he was innocent, through it all, of complacency; and his vanities, unpunished enough, were checked by the innate sauvagerie and austerity of his genius. It might seem paradoxical to say that Dickens, whose art—in so far as it was art, which Thackeray questioned and others have questioned since—epitomised England and Englishness, was a born Continental. His self-consciousness, his passion for light (mirrored rooms), colour, flowers, the allegro in talk and movement, do seem Latin. This immortaliser and official lover of London liked the other side of the Channel, the blue skies of Italy, the lights of Paris, better and better as time went on.

As anything other than a Victorian Dickens would, on the other hand, not have been Dickens. Sentimentality, sublimated and twisted loves (Mary Hogarth, the youthful sister-in-law who died in his arms, was the first of a list in which Queen Victoria, as a girl-bride, figured), obsession with death and death-beds, facetious prudishness—all the traits of the time are there. His Gothic night-fears, his semi-monstrous view of much of humanity are outside that era: they run through all great English writing. . . . The Victorian London background, in this book, is exquisitely and knowledgeably displayed. Dame Una shows, at the same time, where, and how sharply, Dickens deviated from the Victorian type, and how much he found to denounce it in his own time. He was genuinely classless; he was revolted by complacency, ostentation, injustice. He was—from many points of view—regrettably uninterested in social panorama and social comedy. He had an unfeigned and flaming reformer spirit; his detestation of evils—factory and workhouse conditions, ragged schools—and his will to expose them cannot be considered any the less real because they went far to obtain those enormous sales for his books. His philanthropic activities, in conjunction with Miss Burdett Coutts, were tireless—and kept dark.

Most of us have read Dickens between the ages of nine and fifteen. His novels remain an inseparable emotional part of one's own late-childish and early-adolescent experience. They form, as it were, a sort of layer in one's being. It may be for this reason that many of us are, literally, shy of re-reading Dickens. He drags up so much. Are our sophisticated objections to him perhaps a form of self-defence? Also, it has been difficult, up to now, to form any temperate and objective picture of the man. In *Charles Dickens* we see the outer life, in all its facets, just as we feel the inner. We see the imaginative lonely child, the young parliamentary reporter, the travelling journalist, the frantic young lover of the feather-pated Maria, who was to be the model for David's Dora, the suitor and husband of Kate Hogarth, the young lion curiously self-possessed in the beau monde, the top-speed producer of serial-form fiction, the editor, the travelling celebrity (the tragic-comedy of the first American tour provides one of the most engaging chapters in the book), the host, the householder, the dabbler in hypnotism, the hearty Bohemian, the brilliant bonhomous friend, the Englishman abroad (with an almost Shelley-esque train of young ladies and children), the oddly fraternal and not always wise father, the over-strained public idol. And, not least, the actor—the reading aloud of his works to packed audiences secured for him the direct emotional come-back most authors are denied. How Dickens, official patron of Victorian hyper-domesticity, managed to get away with his broken marriage and the incompletely-concealed Miss Ternan, Dame Una, convincingly, does explain.

Rhythm

JOYCE CARY, a novelist whose work has always had a strong and sometimes disturbing poetic undertow, now gives us a long poem—*Marching Soldier* (Michael Joseph; 2s. 6d.). This is the inside soul of the soldier—any and all soldiers—to the rhythm of the march. Through an English town to the port, the landing battle, the advance through unknown country, the battle again, the storming of the town, we go with him.

We lie among bomb-holes by a square of palaces

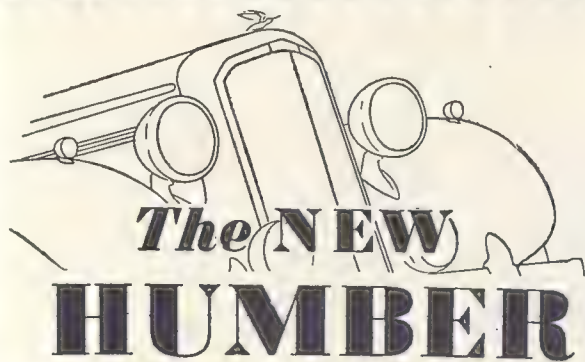
And look at the aloof street. Do we know those pillars and doorways,
That courtyard with three arcades; the heads cut between their arches.

Have we seen it in some picture? Do we know this fame?

All through there is discipline and bewilderment, a turning of the eyes from side to side at strange things, scenes, which have only one meaning: war. Resignation, exaltation, action, and, at the same time, a troubling eternal "Why?" I think it impossible for anyone not a poet to review, in the ordinary sense, poetry: I can only say, *Marching Soldier* is one of the greatest war poems I have read.

Stage School

L. A. G. STRONG is, I think, the only one of our distinguished "straight" novelists and poets who writes detective-stories under his own name. His latest, *Othello's Occupation* (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.), has immense style and a cast of elusive characters, mostly young. Emmeline Vane, the over-dynamic principal of Kean-Macready Stage School, comes to a sticky end during the performance of a play; and Detective-Inspector Ellis Mackay conducts his investigations in a milieu in which temperament runs high.



The Choice of the Experienced Motorist

It was exceptional engineering in the Humber that made this car an outstanding success on war service. All that was learned in six arduous years is now incorporated in the new Humber models—unique reliability, exceptional performance, tested safety and arm-chair comfort.

- ★ The new **HAWK**
- ★ The new **SNIDE**
- ★ The new **SUPER SNIDE**
- ★ The new **PULLMAN**

To be available against M.O.W.T. Licence

Full particulars from your Humber dealer

HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY

PRODUCTS OF THE ROOTES GROUP



DRESCOTT CLOTHES LIMITED • DUDLEY • WORCESTERSHIRE

THE name NORTH BRITISH denotes dependability in Rubber products. Our manufactures include: Motor and Cycle Tyres; Rubber Footwear; Hose; Belting; Printers Blankets; Rubber Flooring; Hot Water Bottles; Vulcanite Combs; Golf Balls, etc.

Supplies subject to restrictions

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. LTD.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.
W.M. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., LEITH

VAT 69

'Quality Tells'

Sanderson's
LUXURY BLEND
SCOTCH WHISKY

WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., LEITH

ROUND THE SHOPPING WORLD

by Jean Lorimer



Soft feathers give the feminine touch to these two winter hat designs by Margaret Marks. On the left, a blue felt is trimmed with blue ostrich; on the right, brown felt is swathed into a fascinating turban and trimmed with coq feathers

Photographs by Dormer Cole



The squashed flat crown can be very becoming and is certainly new. This one is made of purple felt trimmed with gilt buttons and looks particularly smart with a well-cut tailor-made. *Marshall and Snelgrove*

Diagonal tweed has lost none of its old popularity. This new Rensor design is striking because of the collar detail, the lapel buttons, the tie belt and the triple pocket line. Colours are tan and nigger. *Frederick Goringe* have it. Ideal make-up for tan and nigger colourings is the new Coty "Bali"



Underlining Beauty...

Soon your favourite Kayser Tailored underwear will, once more, be underlining your beauty. Soon you'll be able to pick and choose again, and then, of course, you'll rush for those exciting Kayser Tailored, still the last word in luxury, style and quality, still as enchanting as ever. So cheer up darling, it won't be long now!



KAYSER Tailored
—Underlines Beauty
A Kayser-Bondor Production

FURS

Our new Collection includes Model Coats in Persian Lamb, Brown Seal, Indian Lamb, Nutria, Dyed Ermine, etc. . . . The model sketched is in Indian Lamb and Bronze Seal. . . . FURS... Ground Floor



MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
LONDON
The Famous Name
for Quality



by MARCUS

W. & O. MARCUS LTD. LONDON, W.1. (Wholesale only)

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

DURING a howling blizzard in Kansas City, the door of a bar flew open suddenly, and a grizzled, old-time Navy man blew in out of the sub-zero night, with an inch of sleet on his shoulders.

He veered purposefully to the bar, listing slightly to port, and without more ado reached into his mouth, removed a set of upper and lower dental plates, and arranged them carefully before him. Then, bending forward with a menacing scowl, he shook a hairy forefinger at them. "Now then, blast you!" he growled, "stop chattering!"

A FILM director had been on location for two weeks and in the course of making the picture had fallen head over heels in love with the leading lady. Upon his return, rumours of the affair had reached the director's wife.

On the night of his homecoming, they retired. The director dropped off to sleep, and soon was talking in his slumbers: "Darling, you know I love you. You're more to me than anything else on earth." Suddenly he awakened, glanced at his wife's hostile face, and sensed the situation. Immediately he turned over, pretended he was asleep, and remarked: "Cut! Now bring in the horses."

A BROADCASTER who was new to Broadcasting House stopped a very polite B.B.C. announcer and asked:—

"Excuse me, but could you direct me to the Talks Studio?"

"I'd be delighted to help you," smiled the announcer, "but I'm afraid I can't. You see, it would mean that I should have to point!"

AT a popular port all the crew applied for shore leave except one man.

"What's the matter?" asked the officer. "Are you the only sailor who hasn't got a wife in this port?"

"No," replied the exception, "I'm the only one that has!"



The Stars of "Fit for Heroes" at the Embassy Theatre

Raymond Lovell and Irene Vanbrugh are delighting audiences as Lord and Lady Wimpole in the Brooke Bannerman comedy at the Embassy, which has broken all records for the theatre at Swiss Cottage. The theme of the play illustrates what is liable to happen to any aristocratic family which is forced to move from the Hall to the Portal. Irene Vanbrugh, however, solves all the difficulties with her customary charm, and at length manages to acclimatize her grumpy husband to his new surroundings.

THE arches of the town hall were thronged with shelterers from a sudden downpour of rain, and a group of American soldiers were expressing their opinion of English weather.

"Well," said a fellow shelterer, "you'll soon be out of the country, I expect, and you can leave all the weather for us natives."

An American looked at him in surprise.

"Natives," he said. "You don't mean to tell me that people live here in peace time?"

An inebriate dreaded the tongue slashing from a wife that invariably accompanied his return home in the early morning hours. So, after a night of tippling, he returned home, went to the kitchen, tied a rope about his waist, and tied pots and pans to the rope in such a manner that they dragged behind him as he walked. Then he took off his shoes and stole softly upstairs.

"She'll never hear me in this infernal din," he whispered to himself as he crept towards the bedroom.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1/6, and, that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

BY SPECIAL REQUEST

The S.E.A.C. Scarf

52/10 and 2 Coupons at
the leading Stores or from

Jacquar

16 GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1



AGENTS IN
WEST END
AND PROVINCES

Enquiries (Wholesale only):
Nicoll Clothes
13 & 14 GOLDEN SQUARE
LONDON, W.1

Nicolls of Regent Street
120 Regent Street London W.1 Tel. Regent 195



*The
discriminating
Women's choice . . .*

★ **Tango**
Quality
HEADWEAR

Obtainable from leading milliners 



*Double
2
Two*

SHIRT BLOUSE
in many fabrics and shades
with clever adjustable neckline
and patented
SPARE COLLAR

From leading
Fashion Houses
and Stores

it's a Pringle,
naturally



These garments are obtainable
only through first-class retailers

Pringle
of Scotland



This is the Beauty News!

Crème Simon is being made again! Soon there will be more in the shops! Crème Simon is the different skin food, used a different way. Moisten the face well. Then massage with Crème Simon for 30 seconds while skin is still damp. This different beauty treatment keeps skin young, helps make-up last all day. Use, also, Poudre Simon, or La Nouvelle Poudre Simon—fashion's powders.

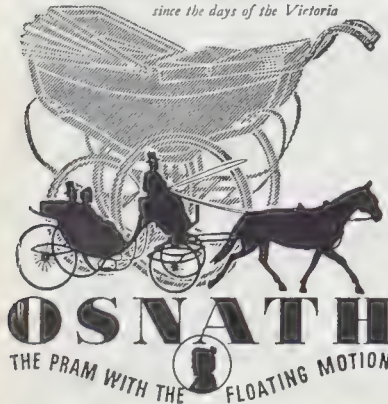
CRÈME SIMON

is being made again.

FROM CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS, STORES

EASILY THE BEST

since the days of the Victoria



The elite Baby Carriage since 1873. The demand is great, but we are doing our best to make supplies available as quickly as possible.

ASHTON BROS. & PHILLIPS LTD.
No. 4, OSNATH WORKS, WARRINGTON



Good, pure, delicious food. A treat to eat—and easily digested.

Baked by good Bakers everywhere.

Enquiries to:
MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD. 18 BROX - GLASGOW.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Natural Aerodromes

THE tendency to prefer the artificial to the natural has invaded the airfield and especially the airfield field. Some people nowadays can hardly imagine an aerodrome without concrete runways. And for the big transport aircraft concrete runways are needed. But light aeroplanes can do without them. All they want is a reasonably level field. Turf is as good a landing surface for light machines as concrete, and it is cheaper and does not require labour for putting it down.

The concrete runway enthusiasts, who imagine that every aerodrome in England must have concrete and that landing and taking off cannot be done without it, are rather like the modern agriculturists who must do everything artificially if they possibly can. They destroy the moles, then invent and use an expensive implement called a mole drain machine which does exactly what the moles do if they are allowed to live; they throw sewage into the sea and spend a fortune in buying artificial manures; they make milk dirty, then instal complicated devices for preventing the dirt from being harmful.

In aerodromes the right way is the direct way. Where ordinary turf can be used it should be used. Concrete runways should be confined to those airports where they are essential because of the big wheel loadings. For light aeroplanes the grass aerodrome is still the best not only to fly from but also to look at and live near. Moreover, if we ask only for turf landing fields there will be a chance of getting some; if we ask for concrete we can give up the idea of seeing any private flying for five years.



Air Commodore C. G. Smith and Squadron Officer M. Ouseley, who are brother and sister, were both taking a keen interest in the exhibits at the R.A.F. Fruit and Vegetable Show which was held recently at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, Vincent Square, London. It is the third R.A.F. show of its kind

A.T.A.

THE Air Transport Auxiliary's air pageant (I'm glad they revived that term and avoided "display") at White Waltham was a reminder that there is now a risk that the valuable experience gathered by A.T.A. pilots during their heavy wartime duties may be thrown away. I cannot find, for instance, that the Air Ministry, the Ministry of Civil Aviation or anybody else is making any genuine effort to preserve the "skeleton" cockpit procedure which will fit any aircraft. Then there were all the handling notes and other special documents prepared by A.T.A. in the course of its duties. These things are civil air transport capital which ought not to be wasted. But nobody seems interested.

Air Transport Auxiliary was responsible for the delivery of more than 300,000 aircraft to the Royal Air Force during the war and in the course of their duties some 150 pilots, men and women, lost their lives. Some of the ferrying feats, under difficult conditions, were extremely fine and deserve more notice than they have yet had. Most of the A.T.A. pilots were flying club pilots before the war (a complete refutation of the libel—officially spread—that the clubs had no wartime value), some were private owners and a few were veterans of the 1914-18 war. Commodore Gerard d'Erlanger had the idea and brought A.T.A. into existence on September 11, 1939. Something must be done to preserve its experience and—if possible—the spirit that inspired it.

Naval Ideas

THE Blackburn Firebrand is another instance of unconventional tactical thought on the part of the Royal Navy. The first instance was the Fairey Fulmar and later the Fairey Firefly. Fulmar and Firefly were "single-seat" fighters—carrying two people. The Firebrand is a torpedo aircraft carrying one person.

The idea behind the fighters was that a second man was wanted on board who could concentrate his attention on navigation. At the time the navigational problems faced by a pilot operating from a carrier were great and it was thought—with good reason—that he would be more likely to get back safely to his ship after combat if he had someone with him not concerned with the actual fighting. The Firebrand puts this idea into reverse. It suggests that one man can not only fight and navigate, but also perform torpedo attacks. I feel that the Navy is probably on safer ground with its single-seat strike aircraft idea, than with its two-seat fighter idea.

Road Safety

IT is good to see some of the big people in the motor industry putting forward schemes for reducing accidents. In the past there has been too great a tendency to leave road safety to the Ministry of Transport. But the industry is immediately and urgently concerned. I shall hope in a future article to touch on Sir Miles Thomas's scheme. Meanwhile it is certain that the more the matter is treated as an engineering problem would be treated, the better. The only thing I am afraid of is that the real cure for road risks lies in a complete re-casting of the roads and that this is impossible for years to come.

Combs and Cars

I HAVE not understood the fury with which some regard those street traders who stand about in London offering combs for sale on trays. They may charge high prices for the combs but as combs are scarce, they are right in doing so if money is meant to have a relationship to values.

Similarly I do not understand why those who offer secondhand cars at high prices can be blamed. Those are the present values of the cars. And if taxation remains at its present level, those will remain the values for a long time to come.

LEISURE WEAR

for GIRLS

Girl's self-coloured Angora Tweed Skirt. Inverted pleat back and front with New Bib Top. Neat Pocket Skirt. Fitting 3 to 12 years.

as illustrated

Angora

Tweed Skirts

Sizes 18 to 34.

Fitting

3 to 12 years.

Prices

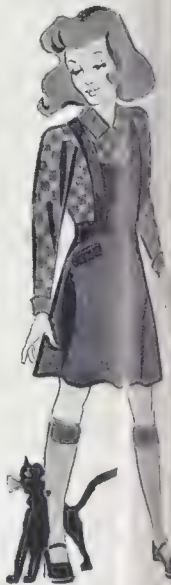
43'9 to 58'—

according to size

(2 and 4 coupons)

Colours:

Emerald green, tan, reseda green, light saxe and scarlet.



Paisley LTD.

Telephone: CEN 5087

72-96 Jamaica Street
2-12 Broomielaw
(Broomielaw Corner)
Glasgow, C.I.

You cannot do better
than order your —

MATERNITY

DRESS
SUIT
JUMPER
SKIRT
OR COAT

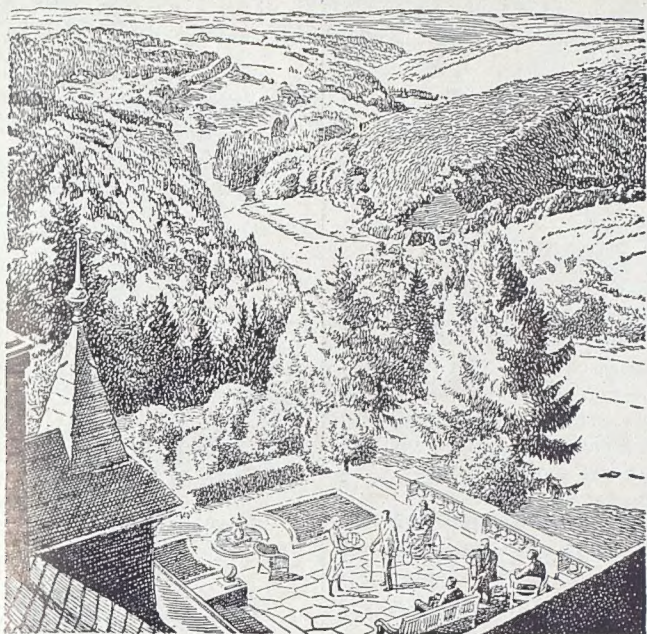
FROM

DuBarry
(Maternity Wear) Ltd.
68, DUKE STREET, GROSVENOR SQ. W.

PHONE: MAYFAIR 0118

Actual makers of DuBarry gowns
Unobtainable elsewhere

APPLY FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE
LOANED FREE ON REQUEST



**If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because
so many continue to have special need of it**

For six years Horlicks has gone to the fighting forces, the hospitals, and war factories. Many of these needs must still be met.

Meanwhile, nearly as much Horlicks is reaching the shops as in 1939 — but many more people are asking for it today. If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, remember that any extra supplies must still go to those who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Out of Battle-dress . . .

. . . at last!" gasp the girls streaming back from the Services. Each of them longing to express herself, as all natural girls must, through her clothes; but there's one thing about battledress she's going to miss . . . pockets! For that reason most girls have scrawled "Tailored Suit" at the top of their shopping lists, knowing they will get roomy pockets as well as comfort and style. Those who want to find tailor-mades in gay and original tweeds, cut with the *je ne sais quoi* which gladdens a girl's heart, will stray inevitably



INTO MOSS BROS

& Co. Ltd.

OF COVENT GARDEN

TEMPle Bar 4477 (12 lines)

Corner of King St. & Bedford St., W.C.2.

And at Bristol, Manchester, Camberley, Portsmouth, Bournemouth.

Clarks
knack of
—seen here in a
trimmed suede leather
of colours—and to be seen
Autumn styles made
have the
smart simplicity
'casual' shoe of bright
in an exciting range
again in other
by Clarks

Clarks

Clarks of Street have retailers in nearly every town. Should this model not be in stock, please choose from the styles you find available

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

*the first name
you think of
in*

BISCUITS



ABOVE is shown equipment necessary for pill-making. Something more is needed, however—craftsmanship, accuracy and long practice. These qualities your chemist certainly possesses. For before he can open his pharmacy, a registered chemist passes a stringent test in pill-making and other subjects to the satisfaction of the examiners of the Pharmaceutical Society. The chemist is a vital part of the country's health organization. His skill and knowledge are at your disposal and justify your confidence.

Ask your chemist's opinion of

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

LIBRARY BOOKS BY POST



If you are one of those who because of distance from a branch of W. H. Smith & Son's Library, or for any other reason cannot exchange books personally, you can enjoy W.H.S. Library Service just as well as borrowers more fortunately situated.

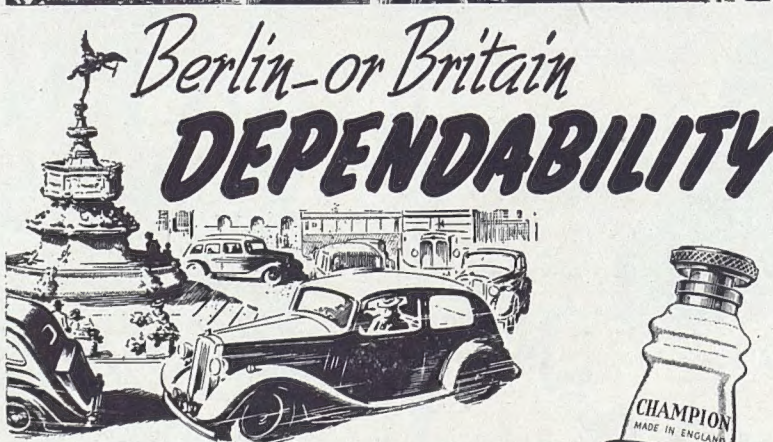
By subscribing for W. H. Smith & Son's Direct Library service you can have Library books sent to you direct by post from W. H. Smith & Son's Head Office. The cost of this service is just the same as you would pay at a local branch:—£1 for 12 months' "A" service, or 10/- for 12 months' "B" service—the only difference being that you will pay the postage in both directions. To cover the postage a deposit of 10/- is payable at the time of subscription, and is renewable as it becomes exhausted. There is no waiting for books: the overlap system used sends a new book to the subscriber before the old one is returned.

Particulars of this service can be obtained and subscriptions paid at any bookshop or bookstall of W. H. Smith & Son (whether or not it is a branch of the Library), or direct from the Head Office of



W. H. SMITH & SON'S LIBRARY

Head Office: W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd, Strand House, Portugal Street, London, W.C.2



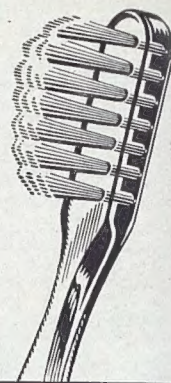
Berlin—or Britain DEPENDABILITY

In the culminating triumph of two European wars, as British tanks roll through the Brandenburg Gate in battered Berlin, or in the thronging traffic of Piccadilly Circus, the hub of the Empire... wherever engine performance really counts there's always Champion Dependability.

CHAMPION PLUGS



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX



Tek

HARD TO GET
BECAUSE IT'S
HARD TO BEAT



The toothbrush
you can trust



BRISTLES... 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5d.
NYLON... 1/6 Plus Purchase Tax 4d.

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON & JOHNSON
(Gt. Britain) Limited, Slough & Gargrave

SEAGERS



GIN

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICE

25/3 per bottle



If you have any VAPEX

please make it last. If carefully used, a little goes a long way. After use the stopper should be tightly closed to avoid evaporation. Production will be resumed as soon as conditions permit

VAPEX... for Colds

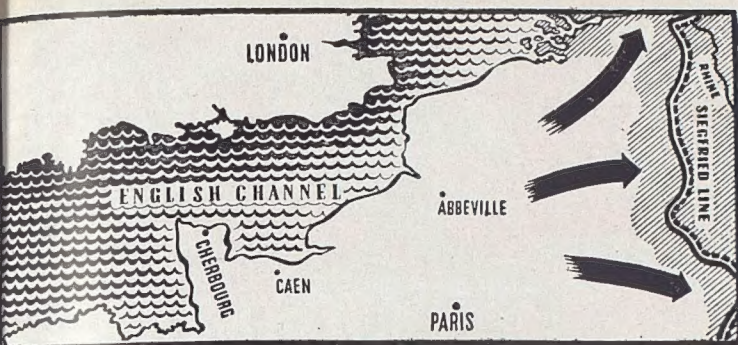
A Drop on your Handkerchief

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Vale of Bardsley, Lincs., England

As good
as its
word!



Including
Purchase Tax 3d each
Obtainable only from Retailers
JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD.



REMEMBER —

Only a year ago
a flying bomb
at any moment
might bring disaster.

Children were still
separated from
their parents ;
British boys faced death
every day.

The Rhine was not crossed,
the Jap was still unbeaten.
The enemies of mankind

were still at large—Now
the threat is gone.

The more terrible
V bombs never came.

Let us remember
these facts.

Let us not forget
the sorrows we escaped . . .

Standing between
the dark past
and the bright future
let us give thanks.

GIVE THANKS BY SAVING

THANKSGIVING SAVINGS WEEKS are being held
throughout the Country. Look for the date of your
Local Week, and back it for all you're worth.

Issued by the National Savings Committee



"Lindsay Maid"

Infants' and Children's garments
of highest quality and artistry.

Procurable from all high-class
children's wear shops and
departments.

Designed and Manufactured by

**J. H. LINDSAY & Co. (Lindsay Maid),
LTD.,**

191 Argyle Street, Glasgow, C.2.



TORBAY HOTEL

TORQUAY

Tel.: 2218 Telegrams: Torbay, Torquay

100 BEDROOMS

SPECIAL TERMS
FOR H.M. SERVICES

WRITE FOR TARIFF T

How to prepare strained vegetables

when you can't get Brand's Baby Foods

No. 2. SPINACH

1 The spinach should be as fresh as possible, since the vitamin content decreases the longer it is kept. Be sure to remove the entire stalk and wash each leaf carefully in several waters, until free from all grit. Put spinach in a saucepan without water, as enough water clings to the leaves to prevent sticking.



2 Cook over a moderate heat, in a closely covered pan, for about 15 minutes (young summer spinach takes about 10 minutes), shaking and stirring occasionally. When cooked, drain and pass through a sieve.

3 Most doctors recommend starting baby on strained vegetables during the 5th month. Begin by giving a few teaspoonfuls, then increase the amount gradually, until in the 6th month the two o'clock feed consists entirely of vegetables, with milk to drink afterwards.



Busy, up-to-date mothers welcome Brand's Baby Foods because they are the best thing baby can have for his first solid food. Unfortunately, the demand for Brand's Baby Foods is greater than the supply, so there may be times when your chemist or grocer is temporarily out of stock.



Cut out this recipe for future reference

BRAND'S BABY FOODS

prepared by the makers of
Brand's Essence of Chicken

STRAINED CARROTS,
SPINACH, PRUNES;
also BONE AND
VEGETABLE BROTH,
7½d. A BOTTLE

Definitely 'Bullish'

Our faith in the future remained steadfast even in the darkest days. And now that peace has returned there is a note of optimism to be detected in Regent Street, despite the difficulties ahead. We cannot promise the early arrival of pre-war plenteousness. But as Britain slowly returns to normal, progress will be most surely marked in our shops. The Austin Reed Service made the best of the bad days. It will make the good days very much better for our customers.

AUSTIN REED
of Regent Street

London & Principal Cities • London Telephone: Regent 6789



Happy day —

coming soon, we hope, when G.E.C. electric household appliances will once more be freely available.

The range will include kettles, toasters, fires, irons, cleaners, and all the other necessities for economically running the modern home.

G.E.C.

QUALITY PRODUCTS

for the post-war home



SECURITY can be assured against every climatic change, very simply, by wearing THE BURBERRY. Proof without heat—warm without weight.

A security most healthful and comforting. A gilt-edge security and unsurpassed for long service.

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 3343

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS

BURBERRYS LTD.

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2